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Yizkor Book
The Martyrs of Ciudin

by

Eisig Moses

YIZKOR BOOK

for

The Martyrs of Ciudin

by

Eisig Moses

ARRIVED FROM PARIS FRANCE

TO MONTREAL, QUE. AUGUST 16-1951.

To my dear wife, Netty Moses, nee Kastner, who heroically stood by me and our children through the most difficult times; to my dear unforgettable parents, sisters, brothers, and their young children; and to my shtetl Ciudin ... 675 souls were murdered on the tenth day of Tammuz, July 5, 1941.

Ciudin lies forty kilometers from Czernovitz, in Bucovina, Rumania.

I do not know how I survived. Perhaps God wanted me to bear witness for my children and for the next generation.

FOR OURSELVES

FOR OUR CHILDREN

FOR ISRAEL, FOREVER.

My dear unforgettable loved ones:

My father Feivel Moses Born 1879, died July 5, 1941

My mother Anna Moses Born 1884, died 1938

My sister Bertha Born 1904, died July 5,1941
(her husband Shie, 5 year old child Koine)

My brother Moishe Born 1906, died 1928

My brother Osias Born 1908, died May 31, 1974.

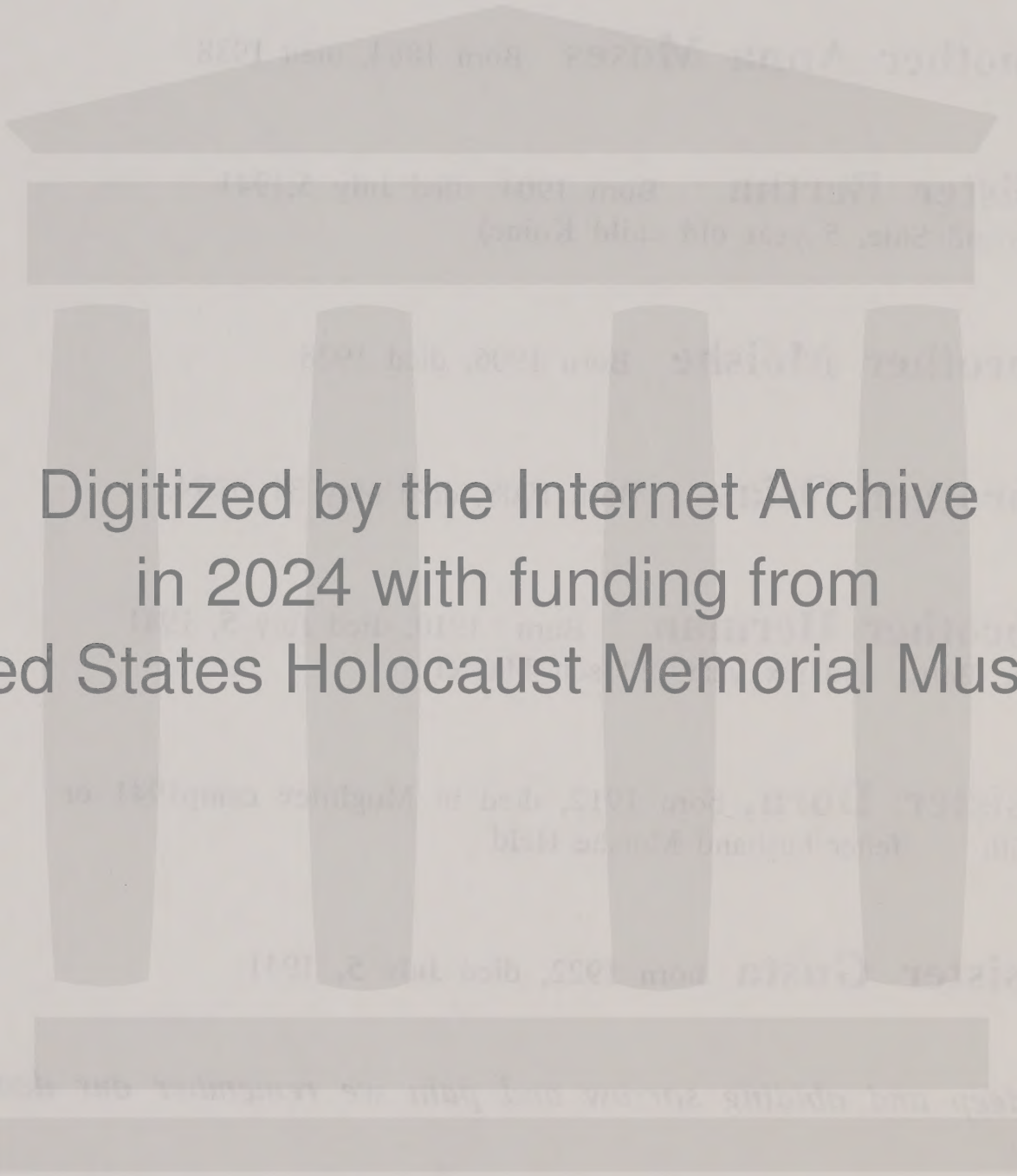
My brother Herman Born 1910, died July 5, 1941
(his wife Betty, and six year old son Marcel)

My sister Dora, born 1912, died in Moghilev camp1941 or 1942 with her husband Moishe Held

My sister Gusta born 1922, died July 5, 1941

With deep and abiding sorrow and pain we remember our dear family.

May the names and remembrances of the Roumanian fascist murderers be erased.



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Transcript of August 1994 and August 1995 audio-tapes, Vancouver, B.C.

Translation and transcription: P. Moses

MOTHER

Many generations of our family lived in our region of Bukovina in Roumania. I was born in Krasna, about eight kilometers from Ciudin, on December 15, 1914, just after the First World War broke out.

My parents told me that they had thought about fleeing from the Cossaks who were about to invade. They were very afraid, and my *Tatte*, my father, harnessed his horse. It was winter, and there was a place on the wagon where chains hung started banging. He thought they they had started shooting (laughs).

My beloved departed mother told how we drove all night, and came to a farm where you could see a fire was lit, and she took me, as an infant in there and I was all blue, totally frozen. They held me by the fire to thaw me out a bit, because I was close to death, completely blue.

I came to, and this is how we continued, and came to Hungary. My beloved late mother told how, at a time when I had started speaking, a train went by, and I said *A geena vonet*", "the train is going by" in Hungarian. This is what I remember: what my beloved late mother told about the first war.

My mother's family, the Rudichs grew up about thirty kilometers to the West in Straja. Your mother's family were also Rudichs. My mother had two sisters in America, Aunt Clara, and Auntie Yetta. Their married names were Goodman and Abraham. In 1966 I met them in Miami Beach on Collins and First Avenue. They lived in New York, but

when they retired they went to Miami. When I took a taxi to their place, I asked the cab-driver what kind of neighbourhood they lived in, and he said "Don't ask!" (laughs).

My mother died before the war. She got sick very suddenly with a *Darm-farshlingung*". The doctor were called in when she said, "Not even when I gave birth to the children ... it hurts me so much!"

We called the neighbourhood doctors, Dr. Drucker and a Dr. Sandberg, who was a cousin of my late mother. He said "You must take her to Czernovits immediately."

There was a man called Pollak with a car. We made the arrangements and got her seated quickly to go to Czernovitz Jewish Hospital. The brother of this same Dr. Sandberg also worked at this hospital, as did Dr. Wiznitzer, who I later helped to get to Bucharest. He operated on her.

After a few days he said "I'm very sorry, its no good". And after about ten days he said "If you want, it'll be better if she dies at home ."

So we had a meeting; the late Osias, the late Herman (Ed. note: Asiu's brothers) who were all in Czernovitz by now. Mama loved me very much because I was the youngest of the boys. I went in and said "Mama, the doctors said that it would be better for you to be at home. Dr. Sandberg is there, and there are other doctors too.

She replied "Children, whatever you do, please do it with *Yeshuv Hadas*, thinking before doing."

So we took her home on a ... it was a Sunday, and that very night she died. It was the Nineteenth Day of Tamus (Ed. note: Hebrew Lunar calendar) 1938 that she died.

For us it was ... Gusta, my young sister was a young child, and the late Osias and the late Herman were both married, so they told me it was now time for me to take care of her.

FATHER

My *Tatte's Tatte,* Father's father was named Moishe, and they called him "Old Moishe" because he was very old, he was more than 90 years old. He carried a sack on his back with whitewash, which was used instead of paint in those days.

My father had a brother named Chaim, who was a *Draykop*, a scheemer, who lived further from town than we did, up towards some woods and a hill. He travelled to Bucharest to research how to make whitewash from minerals in those hills. He travelled, and made some deals.

My grandfather had been a poor farm labourer, and my father had worked there too, like a slave. My father hated it, and told Mama, that "I can't stand it".

"O.K.", she said "lets search for another livelihood."

Now Uncle Chaim had secured a lease for the land, dynamite for blowing up the rock. I remember them telling me how the holes for the dynamite had to be placed properly so that after the fuses were lit everything would be exactly as it was supposed to be. They started working, and my late father bought a horse and a little wagon, and started carting this whitewash to Ciudin, to Stroginetz, and to Czernovitz.

It was quite a way; to go Ciudin or Czernovitz, one had to ride all night. About 45 kilometers took the whole night. And there were big

mountains, huge mountains. On the way down hills they had to put blocks in front of the back wheels, to hold them. So the poor guy went on like this, on foot, uphill and downhill, slow-going all the way until he got to Czernovitz. This was his *parnusa*, his livelihood.

When the rains came he needed some sort of a covering for the whitewash, and if it got wet it was worthless. This was his *parnusa.* He worked terribly hard with this horse and this bit of whitewash and we were very poor.

MOISHE

The oldest of the boys was Moishe, a *Kop*, really smart, and taught himself everything from books. He learned accounting that way. The late Osias was also really bright, and with Mother told Tatte that it would be advisable to move down to Ciudin. It was after all a real Shtetl, a little town. No, first to Stroginetz. Stroginetz was sixteen kilometers from us, and it was a bigger town. Later, at the time when they murdered all the Jews, the Jewish population had grown to two thousand.

My mother said, "How are these children growing up here in the woods, with no other Jews around, no synagogue, nothing?" If it was *Yom Tov*, a religious holiday, we'd have to go really far to pray. I remember one Shavuoth, when I was about six or seven we had to go on a horse-drawn sled.

Stroginetz didn't work out, so we moved to Ciudin, a smaller town. There, on a main corner of town, was a big house owned by a man called Lazer Knauer. In front he had a restaurant, he was a rich Jew. We rented one big room from him.

In the summer it was great, because we slept in his hayloft. You know in the barn above the stalls where the animals slept. In summer it was really fine to get up at dawn and hear "Are you going swimming?" We'd go down to the water, near the woods to a little lake called Coolas Bad. That's because Coola had swum there. Another was called Yacob's Bad (Laughs). It wasn't very deep, and you learned how to swim.

That was before dawn on *Shabbes*, the Sabbath, and then we'd go home to get breakfast, and then go to *Shul*, synagogue. There were three synagogues in Ciudin. One was called the *Cultus* , Cultural Synagogue, one was called the *Shnader's*, the tailors, shoemakers, and other trades-people's Shul, and one the Schectere Shul. The Schechters wasn't too far from us, and my Tatte was a *Gabbai*, an Executive Member. On Shabbes you'd have about seventy or eighty people in our shul. The other synagogues were bigger.

For the Yom Tov, the High Holidays, we needed a *Chazan*, a Cantor, and they called my Dad to be a *Maiven*, a critique. I remember as a young child, we young boys would sneak in and steal the *Shofar*, the Ram's Horn, to try to learn how to blow it. Here they give it to children to teach them how. Not there! The *Shames*, the caretaker would come running and shouting, "*Shcutzim*! Brats! *Arose!* Get out you Brats! Arose, arose, arose! " (laughs).

We grew up in this Lazer Knauer's house, but I tell you that when winter came it turned into a problem. One slept her, one slept there, two over here ... seven children in one room (laughs). All of us were born born at a midwife's, a woman named Shuler. I remember when Gusta was born, I was about three or so. That's how the kids came, every two or three years, one after another.

The bathroom was ... a bowl of water, and that's how you washed. Well, once a week you could go to the steam-bath, to Branne the Bathwoman, and Berish. They'd heat rocks, and take a cistern of water, and throw it on the rocks, and "SHHHH"", steam would pour out, and there were about four of five benches to sit on. You'd use a little straw broom to beat your skin, and after there would be a deep *Mikva*, a deep pool and it was cold! That would be on a Friday. The women would go in the afternoon. People would come from far to these baths. Of course, it was for the poor folk, the rich had their own baths.

So the late Moishe was a *Kop*, and he started *handlen*, to wheel and deal. He had grown up, and was already twenty, and it was time for him to go to the Army. We had Army duty of either two, two and one-half, or three years. Three years was for those who worked as border patrol. Two and one-half was for the infantry, and others like us went into the cavalry. Those who could afford a horse could do one month a year for three years and you were done, but this of course cost lots of money.

So Moishe signed up, and when he got in they gave him a haircut. He asked the sergeant why it was necessary to get such a haircut. The sergeant replied "Because you are *Judani puduchose*, you are lousy Jews". So Moishe got up from the chair, and gave him *a knack*, a punch, and the sergeant fell over with teeth knocked out on one side of his mouth (laughs). You hear, a side of knocked-out teeth, so they took the late Moishe, and they incarcerated him in a *Cache*.

This *cache* was a horrible thing. You see this door (indicating to the door of the room where the interview took place); well it was a bit narrower maybe. It was a box, and you were placed inside, locked in for

twenty-four hours, with no food, nothing at all. So they put him in there, and after that the officers had an eye on him, and they beat him very very badly.

A few of them hit him hard enough to damage one of his lungs, and he got sick. He came home with this lung ailment, and was coughing terribly. I remember Dr. Sandberg coming, and sitting him on a chair to examine him. He coughed and coughed and coughed. He was given various medications. In those days there was no Penicillin; had there been Penicillin he might be alive like me. And he died at twenty-four years of age from pneumonia...

Mamme didn't want to sleep with a pillow anymore. Mamme and Tatte ... cried both day and night. It was a terrible tragedy. I remember the funeral ... I still keep *Yortzeit*, memorials, on the first day of *Shvat*, which usually falls in January.

Then the late Osias, who was the oldest, continued with the business. He was also a Kop, very bright. He also got drafted to the Army, and Tatte bought him a horse too. A horse cost lots then,and my late father said "Every son costs more than a wedding for a daughter". You had to have a horse, a bridle, etc.

Tatte had bought a plot of land, and started to build a house. I remember, when the foundation was laid, it was as wide as for this house. Mayer Schuler, who had a mill, came along and said "Feter Feivel, why do you need such a foundation. Its no more than a house!" So my late father replied "And if my house settles to one side, will Meyer Schuller come to support it with his axle? Better that it'll have a good foundation!"

I remember workmen going to the quarry to get rocks, and we bought a wagon of cement. The builders came and made a big beautiful house. At street-level there were stores, and living quarters, as well as middle and top floors.

It was big enough to have three separate stores at the front, a kitchen, bedrooms, sitting rooms, a summer-kitchen at the back. There was a cold storage off the summer-kitchen which was always cool enough for vegetables from the garden: carrots, parsley, pickled cucumbers, cabbage, everything good.

Four kilometers from us in Krasna there was a big factory which manufactured plywood. Engineers from Germany supervised the production of ten thousand cubic meters annually. Wood was cut into two or three meter sections and thrown into boiling vats of water for three days.

Then the wood was brought into the factory and cut with blades, just like paper, rolled and cut into two by three or three by two meters. Then it needed to be glued. The best stuff for glue was made from *key-caisse*, cows cheese. We had this cheese, it had to be made without any salt. I saw how it worked: they mixed a substance in until it plywood, put into presses under a terrific heat. After ten minutes it was done.

We found out about the need for this key-caisse, and the late Moishe had a connection through Dr. Sandberg, an engineer, Neven and another engineer. The factory was owned by a PrInce Mavokordat. There was plenty of money.

We bought cheese throughout the provinces of Bukovina and Basserabia. Wagons of the cheese, and it stunk unbelievably. They used

to say that in town it stunk, but at the Moses' it smelled sweet, you understand; we made large sums of money.

My late father was the one who had the connections. He used to say the *Tehillim*.

"Tehillim, Tehillim, Tehillim"; we children told him that prayer wasn't enough, it was necessary to act too! G-d says "You do and I'll help you". From Tehillim alone you'll get nothing!

Before daybreak he'd run to synagogue! He pray while it was still night my late father. We'd still be sleeping and we'd hear him wail "Tehillimmmm!" He'd go to synagogue, and come home really sleepy, so he'd go up in the loft and go back to sleep (laughs) ... oh my late father ...

BERTHA, HERMAN, OSIAS, DORA & GUSTA

But we children started to work. We started to make money, and money, and more money. Money didn't make a difference, as all the children went to military, they were able to go to the cavalry.

With this money we bought a house in Stroginetz, and when I was about 10 we started to build our family home, we sold the one in Stroginetz. A beautiful house was built, with a big garden. We always had horses.

When we had built up our stores, I would go to Stroginetz, about 16 kilometers. My father would give me the order: go to Buchbinders, and buy such and such, and to Winers to by beer and wine, and this and that. This was all sold in the stores at the front of our home. Bertha and my late Mamme, and my late Tatte worked inside, and the boys worked outside, with the cheese etc. That's the way business was carried on.

I went to school until ... by the time I was in sixth grade I had graduated (laughs). Osias went to Czernovitz to the *Gymnasium*, high school. He had also come home from the military with lung problems, and we were afraid for him. He was sent to Czernovitz to work hard at his learning. We called him "the student". But he was very intelligent, and loved money.

I had a brother called Herman, like you, who would take the shirt off his back to help another. The late Osias had said "First, help yourself, and then others." But Herman was capable of giving away everything he owned. He didn't need a thing, gave all sorts of things away. I was like that too.

Herman eventually got married to Betty, and their son's name was Moishale, Marcel ... who was killed when he was six ...

Osias got sick and needed an operation. My father said that even if we had to sell the house, we shouldn't leave him without treatment. So we sent him to Vienna, and the late Osias told that he had gone to the greatest physicians. One of them told him that an operation was possible, but he wouldn't be able to walk more than a few feet without resting. He went to another, and another, and then found on described as a small man, a small surgeon who told him "*Mein Herr*, my dear sir, you must have trust in me, and I hope to return you to the best of health."

The doctors assistant told him to "count to twenty, and you'll feel better, and when you get to thirty, you'll feel nothing". So he counted,"One, two, three, four..." as they put him to sleep. They cut him open, and tied off one lung completely. The left side was bound off, and the right side remained healthy. He stayed in that hospital for some time, and was then advised to go to Milan to a health resort for

convalescence. My late father said "Sure". So off he went to Italy to get better, and came home to live like that, with only one lung.

We ran the business. The late Herman had a one store, that sold cornmeal, wheat, by the wagon-load. We stated to import from other parts of Roumania, wagons of salt. People came from the outskirts and bought wholesale. We sold gas, you name it. But the best business was this cheese. We bought everything in the province of Basserabia.

I'd get sent thirty kilometers to Tereblesht, with a workman, and two horses, and a second wagon, to fetch cheese. That was in summer. In winter it was something else. We had to buy special machines that would press and dry this stuff, and then it would be milled just like cornmeal. This would be available all winter; instead of having to use a hundred kilos of cheese, they would only need, let's say 18 kilos of this pulverized stuff. This was another way of bringing in cash.

We had an agreement with this factory: if they had to stop operations for even one day we would have to pay for it. Without our product they didn't have the glue needed.

When the late Osias went away to be operated on he told us to go to the Prince to tell him "Good Morning!"

I asked him, "Do you take me for an idiot? (laughs). Do I need you to tell me to merrily say 'Good Morning'?" By this time I had grown up, wearing a tie and all ... my friends envied me. It was around the time that I had to go into the army. My friend Elie [Ed. note: Elie Rosenblatt, Asiu's best friend who later moved to Montreal] had to go to the army, and I paid for his horse because he was poor, and didn't have the means. I helped anyone I could.

Osias got married to the daughter of Lazer Knauer. She had been adopted and was a fine child, self-educated. Osias studied Hebrew with her; they brought books from Czernovitz and studied all kinds of things. Our late father continually maintained that learning was everything.

The oldest of the family was the late Bertha, who was the first to marry. She took our late Mother's sister's son. That's how it was.

Herman was next, then Dora. Gusta and I were the only one's unmarried. I went to the army in 1936 at the age of twenty-one.

LUPU

We wanted to learn how to dance. So we brought a teacher from Radautz, where Netty lived, about forty kilometers away. His name was Sommer. He came with two daughters, and we took a number of boys, and as many girls, and he taught us to dance. He'd say "Look here: One, Two Three!" A few Gypsies made the music: Kapelye.

We had gramophones that spun around with a horn that blew out the music, but no radio yet. I remember the Schulers had family that lived in Czernovitz who had received some kind of telephone: we went to the window to look at them. They had earphones, and said they could here great things. What they had I really don't know! We eventually got a Blaupunkt radio that ran on batteries, as there was yet no electricity. In Krasna, those people who lived in the vicinity of the mill had electricity, but we didn't have any. Stroginetz and Radauitz I believe had it at the time, but we still didn't have it.

We had lantern lamps, with a wick and a cylinder, and that's what provided our light. In the morning if it was a bit grey, it got cleaned

out, and at night it was re-lit. In the barn, where we had horses and other animals, we had lantern, and another in the loft.

We had two big healthy dogs. There were rodents that would know away at the wood where we stored the cheese until they got through to steal some. One dog was called Lupu, who was like a wolf. He'd catch them and throw them like this! The other one, who was even bigger would stand to the side and bark (laughs). But this Lupu got the job done (laughs).

One night, at the back in summer-kitchen where the harnesses were stored, some thieves broke in and poisoned this Lupu. I came out in the morning to feed him, and he started yelping terribly. We told the doctor what happened, he quickly sent telegram to Czernovitz to the veterinary institute. They replied that if the dog was definitely acting mad, he should be brought to the city hastily. So I came to this institute, and he was given shots, but he died. These thieves were eventually caught, and were tried in court.

There was a place that was set up for ice skating; you know they would pour water out to freeze. I didn't have skates so I made some out of wood, I carved them until I cut my fingers, and it still didn't work. I needed the real things; some people had them, those who had come from Stroginetz or the other towns. I remember seeing one guy flying on the ice.

My father wore a *shtrammel*, a fur lined hat that the orthodox Jews wore. We didn't wear caps, as we were more sophisticated (laughs) and modern. The late Dora learned piano, took lessons, we had the money for that, and people were invited for recitals in the parlour. The rabbi came every year from Czernovitz, the Shotzer Rebbe came to

us on Shevuot. I later went to see a rabbi in New York that originated in Czernovitz. The Shotzer Rebbe had come to Montreal and then emigrated to Israel.

A PARTY

Before the war broke out, we had large dances for all the young people. *Sheleachs* would visit from Israel to promote Zionism, one of whom was the Wiznitzer Rebbe's son. He said "*Kinder*, kids, we need to have a land. Its better to wear a torn coat that belongs to you then a beauty that belongs to someone else. We must have a country!" They started to talk about Israel, Israel, Israel. They provided literature as well.

One asked "Asiu, would you be willing to go to Krasna to solicit funds?" and I said "Sure!" One got as much as one could, two dollars, a dollar, five dollars.

We went all around; to all the districts: "This is for Erez Yisroel, the Land of Israel", for the Keren Kayemet, to gather as many donations as possible. We started to hear ... a person came along to tell the story of Dreifus, we heard what was transpiring in the world. We knew about Hitler.

Near us there was a Dr. Nestman, a lawyer, a German, and there our neighbours would have Hitlerist meetings. We could hear them singing their songs. Once I bought one of these guys a beer and asked him what he thought of Jews. He replied "We have no problem with those that are worthy!" We could feel that things weren't right.

The Poles had retreated after the war started, and there was a smell in the air that things were not right.

On a Saturday night we had a party for all the young men and women at Bergman's salon. He had a restaurant, and we drank and ate, and carried on and danced. At about four in the morning we made our way home; it was Sunday morning. I got home, unlocked the door and laid down to sleep. And as I started to fall asleep, I heard some stirring in the house. I thought it was my father up to say his *Tehillim*, as was his early-morning custom.

All of a sudden he was at my bedside, saying "*Siniku*, my darling son wake up. We are at war." I got myself up and we got a radio to hear what was going on. Germany had made a friendship pact with Russia, and through this agreement North Bukovina was to belong to Russia, including our village of Ciudin. On the other side where Netty lived would belong to the others.

TUMULT

But as soon as the war broke out...oh my goodness; Germany had invaded Poland without declaring war. The Poles started to run , and many came through Ciudin. We asked many who were coming through and were told that in Poland the Jewish ritual way of slaughtering animals to be *kosher* had been declared unlawful by the Germans. Many trucks came through, and people were in a panic, selling things off for a pittance because they were in such a panic.

What was going on you cannot imagine; it was a real tumult. As we were going home from that dance, I saw the Russians riding their horses at great speed, and airplanes overhead, and we believed it to be a maneuver. As soon as my father woke me from my sleep, we saw how things were not the way they should be.

Prior to that the Russians had started to take young people to train them to shoot and so on. Until the very end they had not called me up; many had already been sent to the front. Bertha's relatives, my in-law, had already been on maneuvers for three weeks, and was due to come home. As the war broke out more and more were drafted for military duty.

As the soldiers came through to go to the front, my father stood with a cistern of water, and gave drinks to those who wished. There were many Jews among these troops, on their way to the front, to the border. After a few days of this continual movement, as I told you, the late Osias advised that it would be best to flee. Others said that to stay was the answer. Well, we ended up staying.

You know I had a horse there, hidden, for us all to flee. Tatte asked "What if they torch the house?"

"Tatte", I said, "they will burn it. The Russians are burning everything behind them."

So he told us to prepare water. We had cisterns of rainwater filled to the brim. I pleaded "Tatte, it's no good. Let us pack up and go." I thought we could go to Czernovitz, because what could be done to forty-thousand Jews, could be done to us too. We were so close to the border, and the late Osias said that as soon as they invaded, we would be the first to be killed. And that's how it happened. He was a very smart man this Osias, very smart...

TRAIASCA ROMANIA!

On the fifth of July, 1941, the Russians retreated. We were about 12 kilometers from the border of north and south Bukovina. North

Bukovina was occupied by the Russians, and we were in Ciudin about 16 to 18 kilometers from that border.

My brother Osias had said, "It's not good for Jewish people to stay here, because the Roumanians and the German army are coming in. They'll be blood-thirsty and we are the first Jewish people here."

Osias hired a wagoner, and paid him some money, and boarded a wagon with a little horse, and drove away to Strojinetz. Strojinetz was 16 kilometers from us.

Why did he run away?

He said "I don't want to be here because I'm afraid that we are the first Jews on the border". So he drove away with his wife Pepi and his four year old daughter Ruthie, and everyone laughed at him, asking, "Why is he running away? The Roumanian officers love money. They'll be bought off, so everything will be O.K. and we'll stay at home."

Osias drove away, and we stayed in Ciudin. We stayed, and on the eight day of Tammus, the third of July, they came in.

As soon as they came into Ciudin, my friend Bubi's mother and father, who had some fields near town, said "It would be better if you went away to a man named Gherman." He had been an invalid from the First War, and had lost his left hand.

Bubi's mother went to ask if it would be alright if we could come up to his place to hide out and he said we could come "with pleasure". So Bubi and I went up there, and we stayed overnight at his place. That was a Monday.

Tuesday night the Roumanians and the Germans came in. We could here a great tumult "Hurray, Hurray, Hurray! ***Traiasca Romania!*** Long live the Roumanians" And so on.

And as we walked to this Ghermans' house, we saw many young people, Gentiles, running with pitchforks (to stick others), sticks to hit with, and sacks on their shoulders to rob, and when they saw us going in the opposite direction, they said "You're running away, we'll find you there too." We didn't say anything.

We sat at Gherman's, and we asked him if he would go down to town to see what was going on. So he went down, and he replied: "Everything is O.K. The Jews came to greet the Roumanian military with *Sefer Torahs*, Holy Scrolls, and it's quiet in town."

That was Wednesday night, and Bubi's mother came to see us and told us that everything was fine and that she would come and see us the next morning. Fine...good.

So we went to sleep, and I said tomorrow is Thursday, and we'll fast tomorrow, so G-d will help us to get through this. So we ate something that night and we agreed to fast the next day.

So we slept at this Gherman's, and on Thursday at about 5 A.M. Bubi's mother came running and she said "Asiu, Bubi you stay here, the military came in and in the meantime all is still. At about 10 o'clock I'll come again."

It didn't take long, maybe twenty minutes to go from our town up to this Gherman's.

KINDER ZIS NISHT GIT

So we stayed there, this was Thursday, and at about 10 o'clock comes running Bubi's mother all out of breath and sweaty. It had been a very nice day.

She said "***Kinder zis nisht git***" "Children it's not good!"

"What's going on?"

"They're robbing and killing and beating and it's not good!"

"So what should we do now?"

She said "You stay here, or if you want come home and I'll hide you in the hayloft".

I said "No, its' better that we stay here." So Mrs. Risenberg said she'd go now and return in the evening.

At about 12 o'clock in comes this Mr. Gherman and says in Roumanian "Get out of my house".

We asked "Mr. Gherman, where shall we go?". And he says "Get out because we're not allowed to hide Jews, they'll shoot us along with you! Get out!".

I took my windbreaker, and Bubi also took what he had and we left the house, and we hid in the field near his house. The corn was about a foot high, and we lay down. We were lying about twenty yards away from a walkway that led from the outskirts back to town, and we heard people running and yelling "From the time the Roumanians came in, it has been a big holiday".

People were carrying flowers, and milk for the soldiers, and one was coming from town and already carrying stolen things.

One was carrying a huge mirror. Someone asked him "Why did you take such a large mirror? What for? It does not even fit in your house." And he replied "It's better broken than to leave it with the Jews."

One asked "Did you hear? They took Shuler who owns the mill, and they put chains on his feet, and they cut off his ears and his nose, and he was led into town like that."

"Did you hear that they shot Dudel Schachter?"

"Isser Sumer, a poor teacher was shot, and his wife had to lay him on a wheelbarrow to take him away to be buried in the holy place". Our cemetery was about 400 meters from town on a hill.

And I hear all these stories they are telling each other, and I'm lying with this Bubi under the hot sun, and praying that it would already get dark.

THE BEGINNING

The day seemed to last a year.

In the afternoon it started to rain a bit, and thank G-d when night finally fell and it got dark we went back to this Gherman's, not to his house, but into his barn. When he came in to milk his cows, I said "Mr. Gherman, what's happening in town?"

He said "The Roumanian military has come into town, and they're very mad at the Jews."

"Why?"

"Because the Jews are Communists, and they sabotaged the bridge." Of course the Russians had blown up the bridge on their way south.

So I asked "Mr. Gherman, what will you do with us?" So he said "What can I do with you? Go up in the hayloft, but if anyone comes, don't say I told you to go up there, because they can kill me along with you. You will have to say that you hid up there on your own."

So we said "O.K., but maybe it would be better if you made a hole right here in the barn that we could crawl into?". He said that it would be better in the loft.

I asked him if he could give us something to eat, because we had been fasting, so he said "O.K., I'll bring you something."

So we stayed there, and as he went into the house, along comes the son of Shmuel Katz (he was a smith, he fixed locks and keys, and fashioned hooves for horses), a little boy. He must have been about eight years old, with another little guy about ten years old. And as they were running by, I yelled his name "Chaiml!" (that was his name). "Where are you running?"

They said "Oh! It's great we found you. We are coming from the heights of town."

They had been in their home, along with their mother and father and three sisters. "They came in and took out our three sisters... probably to rape them, and shot our mother and father, so we ran away." And these kids were shaking violently.

So I said to them "Go down right here to Moishe Chaim Laiser and there you'll find my father and my sisters."

This Moishe Chaim was a transporter, a poor man who owned only one horse, and he hauled this and that. Maybe to take something to a mill, like to take 500 kilos of maize to the mill, to take it and to bring it and that was his livelihood.

So I said to them "You go down there. Our house has been locked up." And my father said that we should all be down at this Moishe Chaim's, out of town, not in the middle of town where we lived.

"There you'll find my father, and tell him where we are, that we are here, and tell him that Bubi's mother, Mrs. Risenburg was supposed to come this morning but we haven't seen her again."

The older one was such a smart little boy, and he said "Asiu, are you saying we should go?"

So I said "Sure, you're kids what are they going to do to you?" So they left, and if maybe they had stayed with us...

This was **the beginning.**

WHEREVER YOU GO

That night when it got dark, he brought us a bit of milk, and we went up in the hayloft, and it started to rain. As it rained, and just as we were getting up in the loft, I heard Jews going by ...Yes!

Even when we had been lying in that field as I told you, as we lay there I heard Janiu Adlersberg, a dentist, who had been going by with his wife and two children, and the children were crying hard.

He was saying "What can we do? What can we do?" He had run into other Jews that were already coming back, and saying to someone, I'm not even sure who he was talking to, "Don't go, because wherever you go they won't let you in. They won't let in any Jews"

We heard him say "Let's go in to this Gherman's, and maybe he'll give us a little water for the kids to drink". This is what we heard from this Janiu Adlersberg.

So we were sitting up in this loft that night, and at about 9:00 or 9:30 at night we heard some Yiddish being spoken.

I said to Bubi "I hear Yiddish being spoken. I'll run down." You know Bubi had a lung disease, and he often panted heavily. I said "You wait here, I"ll run down and see who these people are."

I come down and it's Betti, Herman's wife [Editor's note: Herman was Eisig's brother] with Marcel, a little boy aged six years, and the

child is crying... and she says "Asiu, [Editor's note: Asiu was Eisig's nickname] what should I do? I'll go home, and whatever G-d will give, that what will be. Wherever I go, they won't let us in."

I asked "Where is Herman?" She said that they had come in and started viciously beating, and people began to run here and there; in the middle of all these beatings we got split up." And she doesn't know where my brother Herman is...

We stayed where we were, and she went away, and it got dark and it rained and rained.

I said to Bubi, "I don't want to stay at this Gherman's anymore. I don't believe him anymore. I don't believe him. Don't you remember the way he pushed us out of his house..."

I said "We can't stay!"

So he said "What shall we do?"

I said that we would go further. I knew that in the year that the Russians had been with us, people had worked in the woods, and I had helped in a bakery there. I had distributed bread. Everything was Communist then, and I had been paid for food for my horse and for coming and going and bringing this bread there. And I had been very familiar with the forest.

So I said "I know a place there where it's really narrow, where nobody can see you. We'll go down there, and stay there a day or two, and whatever G-d gives after that will be."

He said "Alright", and we get down, and as we get down to the door we find that it has been locked. And even the door where the hay is thrown out, was locked. But there was a hole, where they throw out the

animal dung, and I said "Bubi, this is where we'll crawl out of here. We can't stay at this Gherman's any longer." And we crawled out .

SITTING IN THE WOODS

As we get out onto the fields, wherever there are houses we couldn't go, because dogs will bark, you understand. On the road we obviously couldn't go, because someone might have run into us there.

So we went far from the houses, and not on the road. And then on the road came two fellows, and they were going to town, also to rob, with sacks, you know, and sticks. One had something like a shovel, to kill with. They run into us and ask us where we're going.

So I said "We have to go somewhere."

They said "You're going to hide. We'll find you." I was strong, from home, and I could have taken one to beat the other, you know, so they didn't confront us. They continued up to town, and we went on.

Poor Bubi was asthmatic, and was panting while he was going like this "Hhhhhhh. Hhhhhhhhh". I said Bubi, you're going to bring us doom, be quiet!"

He replied "What do you want from my life. Come back and my Mother will hide us in the loft in the hay. I can't go on any longer. I can't..."

I said, "We're not far now. Soon enough we'll be in the woods."

So we went on like that and G-d helped us to go the whole night like that, and on Friday morning we arrived at those woods, and that's where we stopped.

We're sitting in these woods all day, and I said to Bubi "Tonight this can't go on." I had become very hoarse, and he could barely speak. I said "Tonight we have to leave the woods."

With G-d's help it became Friday night, and we were moving to the edge of the woods, and I heard talking outside. I heard soldiers saying that tomorrow morning the recruits would be called. They were not to go into the woods because there were Russian partisans and Jews hidden there who could be firing on them, and it was forbidden to go into the woods until tomorrow's recruits arrived to comb the woods.

So G-d helped us to sit there the whole night, but we didn't sleep. We had gone to the other side, but we also heard talking there, and every where we went there were voices and we knew that we shouldn't go out, and we'd have to stay there.

When Sabbath morning came, I told Bubi that we'd have to hide ourselves well, because they would soon be coming. So we searched for trees that you see sometimes, ones that are open. However, just at that moment we couldn't find any kind of tree to hide in and not be seen.

We couldn't find such a tree, so we agreed to get into a kind of ditch, close together. I gathered various kinds of branches and sticks, and put them on top of us. He lay down next to me, and we started to cover our feet, like this and like that , and completely covering our faces. And that's how we lay there.

It got to be around 10:00 or 10:30 in the morning , and we were lying there, maybe it was more like 11:00 or 11:30, and I heard some talking behind us. What we hadn't realized is that not too far from us was a path, and all of a sudden we heard something like footsteps, and we lay there trembling terribly.

Through the branches I could see civilians wearing the clothes that had been designated for the civil defense, a white shirt and pants. I also saw soldiers, and as they went by us we shook terribly. Thank G-d they went by, but as they did I could hear one of them saying "No one is here".

THEY HAD GATHERED TOGETHER ALL THE JEWS

So we stayed there, and lay there with *gehacte vinden*, the same way an invalid does, until about sometime in the afternoon when we realized nobody was around. So I got up, and shook off all the branches, and I looked over and Bubi was lying there looking like he was dead.

I shouted to him "Bubi, what's with you?" And he didn't say a thing because he couldn't talk anymore.

So I started shaking him a bit, and telling him that when night would fall we'd get out of there. Thank G-d it got dark again...Oh yes, wait: when, on that *Ṣhabbos*, Sabbath we had begun to cover ourselves, that was the time that they were shooting everyone in our town.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Shabbos **they had gathered together all the Jews,** and they had herded them into the rear of the courthouse where there was a jail. And they took all the Jews there.

I knew about where that jail was because there was a guy there called Laba, whose son was a tutor, and my father, (since unfortunately there was no school) had said that for education he was a very rich man. For a while we studied at a Mrs. Weshler's, and another time at Moishe Schachter's, and one time at this Laba's, because his son was a tutor who gave me lessons. They lived right where the jail was because his father was the jail-master.

He had showed me where the kitchen was for the criminals, and there was a long corridor with iron doors to the left and to the right, and in each door was a small peep-hole, where one could look in at the prisoners. He always showed me this stuff, and from one side of this jail you could look right into our garden. We were the third house from the courthouse, and from those top-floor windows you could see right into our place. There were times that I looked up there and could see them looking out from behind the bars in the tiny windows.

This is where they took these poor people on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Shabbos, and when we were getting up from our hiding in those "graves" , we heard such a tremendously loud echo that the whole woods trembled. That's when they shot all our people. First we heard a terrible yelling and screaming. We weren't far; about six or seven kilometers away. We thought they were shooting men, but not women and children like that.

JIDANE

We knew that the Roumanians were thieves and I knew who we were dealing with. When we went to school, I knew they were all anti-semites, the teachers were all anti-semites. The principal was one called Niagu, who instead of teaching us would take us out onto the fields to hoe his fields with crude sticks.

One time when I was doing this, he came over to me and grabbed this stick and gave me such a smash...if it was today they'd kill him. I was even ashamed to tell on him at home. If I didn't know something at school, he'd take me by the "*payes*", the sidelocks, and say "Moishe,

Itsik, Chaim, *numela personale*".. That is to say tell me people's names, but he'd make fun of the Jewish ones.

And the other Gentiles would also say "*Mai Jidane Paduchios*", "You lousy Jews should go to Palestine" and things like that. We didn't get along well with them, but we were strong, and we took a few boys, and we beat the hell out of them, and they were afraid of us.

So Sunday morning we're going, not walking, but crawling on our bellies. As we crawled, Bubi couldn't talk anymore, and we crawled and crawled on our bellies.

After a few hundred meters, we came to the first little hut, and as we came close, I saw Georgie who had worked in our store. We had owned a store that sold grains like corn, wheat, maise, all sorts of flour and he had worked for us. Wagons had come, and he had worked there. When I saw him I was overjoyed, and stood up on my knees and motioned for him to come over. So he comes running from his hut which was surrounded by a fenced-in garden that kept in the animals.

He comes running and I says "Georgie, what's happening at our place?" So he says, "Come in, come into my house". We got up and I helped Bubi get up because he was so weak he couldn't get up anymore, and in we got to his house.

As we come in I could hardly talk, and there was his wife or his daughter. And as we sit down I motioned like this: to give us something to drink. So she brought us a clay pitcher with milk, and some sort of a saucer, and I pour some milk for myself, and I give some to Bubi. I drank the milk, and she had brought us a piece of bread, but we couldn't eat it. When I finished that milk I started to talk a little.

I said "Georgie, what' s happening in our town?". So he says, "You stay here and I'll go and come right back". So we're sitting there looking like corpses out of the earth, starved, torn clothes from these branches, and so on.

It didn't take long, maybe a half hour or so, and he comes back ... listen: with a whole patrol of civilians, not military, but with rifles.

"Oh!" says one, "You were in the woods. We knew you were hiding. You shot at our army"

"We shot at their army?! " I said "We didn't shoot at anybody!", and "What are you going to do with us?"

He says "We have orders to take all Jews that we catch to town", So I thought to myself, "Very good, they're leading us to town; it's not far, and then I'll be able to go home"

Meanwhile someone took my jacket, and I had a watch on my hand, which was also taken, and ...what else did I have? I think I had a little ring.. also taken. No... the ring was hidden and they didn't find it. They lead us out on the road, and as we got to the road I thought, "It can't be far to town,about two kilometers or so, and we'll be in our stetl."

I see a Roumanian patrol approaching, and I start to shake. We hadn't seen them for over a year, those Roumanians, because the Russians had been there, not the Roumanians. And as they came over these Romanians asked "Who are these guys?"

The others replied "*Jidane*" , "Jews"."We caught them in the woods and they shot at our soldiers."

I said "That's not true...its not true". So one came over and gave me a *slap* and for the first time ever I saw fire in my eyes.

A LITTLE FURTHER

He said "O.K., you go back to where you were going", to these civilians, and "We'll take care of getting them back to Ciudin".

They asked me in Roumanian ,"Have you done military service?"

"Yes".

"Where did you do military service?"

"In the cavalry."

He says "Attention!" So I stood at attention.

"*Directia Ciudin!*" That means we should go in the direction of Ciudin.

I felt very encouraged because we started to march to Ciudin.

Not long after we started out they started to push us with the butts of their rifles, and they started to hit us right here. They threw us into a ditch, you know, and we start walking across a field.

And they lead us and lead us, and I hear them whispering about something "Over there, just a little further..." He was saying that at the top of the next hill was where they would shoot us, you understand.

I heard them conferring in this way, and I started to cry, and to beg, "We're not far from our home...and G-d will help you. This is a war, and when you return to your homes it will be good for you" and so on.

One of them came closer, and I had another little watch and a ring hidden, and I gave them away.

So one came over and opened a rucksack, you know the kind that soldiers use to carry bread, and so on. So he opens this rucksack and takes out a bottle of about 3/4 of a litre of liquor, real 100% proof liquor. He says "You should know that you are being led to be shot, and you won't live long. But since you gave us these things, drink this...if

you want drink it all, and between the two of you, you won't feel a thing".

LIKE AN ANGEL

So, go drink whiskey before your death! I started to moan and beg, and fell to their feet and kissed them...and so on. So one says " Do you have enough strength to go on to Ciudin?"

So I said "Yes, certainly I can go!"

"And he won't speak?" So they beat Bubi because he couldn't speak. Poor Bubi couldn't manage to speak. So one says "Are you sure you can go on?"

I said "Yes!!"

So he says "Run over to that tree!" And he shows me a tree about twenty-five metres away that he wanted me to run to. So if I could run it would be good, and if not...not. I don't know from anything and I start running.

And just as I start to run I hear "TRRRRRRRRRRRR " A machine gun!

Out of terror I fell to the ground, and stoppped running, and at this point crawled back on my belly. I crawled back right back to them, and poor Bubi was lying there. And I start crying and begging, and kissing their feet.

One of them was **like an angel**. He says "Lets take them back to Ciudin. To hell with them! Let's take them back to Ciudin."

And they ordered us to get up, and they led us back across the ditch onto the road, and they led us back to town.

WHERE IS THIS *STETL*

When we got to town, we saw that the desecration of the Holy Temple was nothing compared to what had happened there.

Every house that we knew all those years, if you looked through the front, you could see through to the back. The windows were gone! The doors were gone! The bricks were missing. And you couldn't see a dog , or a cat. No people! Nothing!

I asked myself "**Where is this *Stetl*?** Where are the people?"

They led us to the centre of town. At the centre of town was a large building and near that building was our house. And they led us to this building, and which had belonged to a man called Schachter, who had owned a store that was attached to his house.

In front of the place was an officer , and I knew him from before. He searched us, and found one last watch that I had hidden in a secret pocket. When he took it, I asked him "What's happening here?"

He says "You'll hear all about it. You'll be told."

We were led into this empty store, where everything had been robbed, and it was totally empty, and there's my teacher Guttman. The Hebrew teacher from my Stetl. He had been a very good teacher, and I had liked him very much. I had received good grades for my studies, and he liked me. I find him there with Lezer Guttman, his son, and Ruchale, his daughter.

I find them there, and they start to cry, so I ask them "Why are you crying? Where are the other people?"

They said "Don't ask about anybody".

"What do you mean!?"

They tell me not far from there had lived a farmer who had been very rich. When the Russians came in they had sent all the rich Gentiles to Siberia... Jews too; those who had been rich were given a passport of some kind and they were all taken away from their homes. Just over there was a home that had been taken away from this gentile, they had taken away the whole family, and it was empty.

Guttman and his family had gone up to the loft of his barn and hidden themselves there. From that hiding place they had been able to look down into the jail where they had seen Jews being led, and had known something was going on.

WHY DID THEY TOLL THE BELLS?

This had started Thursday, and on Friday she had said...this Mrs. Guttman, that she would go down to hear what what going on in the stetl.

So she went down, and Moishe Schachter had been there with his family too, so Mrs. Schachter went down with Mrs. Guttman to find out what was going on, and said they'd soon be back to the loft.

After they left, these people waited and waited, all day Friday, soon it was evening, Shabbos, and they're not coming back. They too had been captured and taken away.

Guttman told how on Saturday at 4:00 p.m., in looking down at everything that was going on, they saw how everybody had been gathered together, how people were been led, and more and more people were being brought, and they had pushed all of these people into those cells that I have told you about in that jail, and at 4:00 in the afternoon, the bells of the churches started to toll very loudly.

Why did they toll the bells? So you couldn't hear the cries of anguish of these people.

And that's when they pushed machine guns through those little windows in the doors, and they started to shoot. The Guttmans could see what what was going on from there!

Now, imagine for yourself...not everyone...had the luck...to get a bullet in the heart or in the head. My father...and my brothers and sister had to watch their own children dying...

And the children had to watch how their parents died...

And after a few hours the Guttmans watched as they started to throw from this balcony, how they started throwing down the people, throwing and throwing.

A few hours before they had watched them digging...graves. They could see from up there in that loft this digging and wondering if they were digging fortifications. But that wasn't it. They were working on the mass graves. It wasn't far from the jail where they dug these...five ... mass graves, and that's where they threw in these people.

And later when they saw them replacing the earth...they could see ... the earth moving... they weren't all dead. That's how they were buried.

So... when we came down that Sunday, this is what they told us. I started to cry terribly... and so...

A List of the Martyrs of Ciudin

Written with the help of my friend Eli Rozenblatt from Ciudin.

Adersberg, Yaniu, wife and children
Adersberg, Gusta and 3 children

Babat (Rabbi) & Wife

Becker, Toveh
Becker,Chaim
Becker, Gusta and 3 children
Becker, Berta, husband and children
Becker, Mendel
Becker, David
Becker, Meyer
Becker, Isel (Israel), wife and children
Becker, Klara
Becker, Leib, wife and children

Besner, Baruch
Besner, Feivel and children
Besner, Hersh, wife and children
Besner, Feige and children
Besner, Max, wife and children
Besner, Berta, husband and children
Besner, Chaie

Berler , Contrabil, and wife

Bergman, Leibu
Bergman, Klara
Bergman, Shie

Biler, Susheh, wife and children
Birnbaum, Itzik (Yitzhak)
Birnbaum, Salli, born a Schecter, and child

Blum, Josel, wife Rikel, and daughters
Blum, Oto

Brecher, Max
Brecher, Berta

Buchholz, wife and children

Chalfen, Hersh, wife and 2 children

Cohn, Chaim
Cohn, Chuve
Cohn, Yulius and sister Freida Axelrad

Divald, Lipa
Divald, Machle
Divald, Avraham
Divald, Yosel, wife Fani (nee Schecter) and 2 children

Drach Feige
Drach Yankel
Drach Chaiah

Druckman, Gabriel
Druckman, Anna, and daughter
Druckman, Hersh
Druckman, Yosef the tinsmith, wife Etel and children
Druckman, Isiu
Druckman, Peretz, wife and children
Druckman, David
Druckman, Dora

Edelshtein, Herman, wife and children

Feffer, Josel, wife and children
Feingold, Mendel
Feingold, Meyer
Feingold, Hersh (my teacher), wife and children

Fishman, ?

Frohlich, Berel, wife and children

Fruchter, Itzik-Leib
Fruchter, Yankel

Fruchter, Wolfe
Fruchter, Sarah
Fruchter, Berta
Fruchter, Fanny
Fruchter, Hilda
Fruchter, Brushka
Fruchter, Wolf

Fuhrman, Zipe
Fuhrman, Fani
Fuhrman, Beniamin
Fuhrman, Berish
Fuhrman, Brane

Fuks, Moishe, wife and children

Goldshmid, Aron and wife
Goldshmid, Josel
Goldshmid, Koka

Gottleib, Barish and wife
Gottleib, Wolf, wife and children
Gottleib, Yudel
Gottleib, Gitel, born Udelman and 2 children

Grabstein, Natan, wife and children
Grabstein, Herman

Grill, Yankel
Grill, Shayndel
Grill, Rita,
Grill David

Greenberg, Moishe
Greeenberg, Sosie
Greenberg, Meier
Greenberg, Srul
Greenberg, Chaie
Green berg, Duge
Greenbergh, Berta
Greenberg, Sami
Greenberg, Hedi
Greenberg, Fishel, and wife

Groper, Mechel
Groper, Yeta
Groper, Hersh
Groper, Leib

Gross, Herman, wife and children
Gross, Anna
Gross, Karl
Gross, Max

Grunberg, Fishel, wife and children BARBER

Gutman, David
Gutman, Zelda
Gutman, Rochel
Hammer, Mechel (Michael), wife and children
Hammer, Puyu and family

Hassner, Motel
Hassner, Faye
Hassner, Shmuel
Hassner, Froike and children
Hassner, Isiu
Hassner, Srul (Israel)
Hassner, Gedalia
Hassner, Chana
Hassner, Clara
Hassner, Chaya
Hassner, Dora
Hassner, Shmuel
Hassner Erna
Hassner, Roizeh (Rose)
Hassner, Shapsa
Hassner, Sochia, wife and children
Hassner, Berel
Hassner, Shmaya
Hassner, Leib
Hassner, Bryna
Hassner, Chaya
Hassner, Peia
Hassner, Faya (Fay)
Hassner, Yudel

Hassner, Sora
Hassner, Bubi

Hartman, Itzik Leib, wife and children

Held, Moishe
Held, Dora (nee Moses)

Herzig, Baruch, wife and children
Herzig, Wolf
Herzig, Sheva, and children

Herling, Malka
Herling, Avraham Chaim
Herling, Gusta
Herling Bubi

Hersheman, Yosef Leib, wife and children
Hershman, Sheindel
Hershman, Chaim, wife and children
Hershman, Febus, wife and children
Herscovitch the baker, wife and children

Hibner, Yankel, wife and children
Hibner, Shloime, the Miller from Igeshti
Hibner ,Yona, the glazer, wife and children
Hibner the mill owner, wife and children
Hibner the mute, wife and children
Hindig, Yosel, wife and children
Hindig, Zipora, and children

Hirshel, A. Shofet (judge), wife and children

Hollinger, Paul
Hollinger, Frida
Hollinger, Leibish, wife and children
Hollinger, Velvel

Igel the baker, wife and children

Katz, Chaim, wife and children
Katz, Jacov Leib, wife and children
Katz, Hersh

Katz, Yosef Leib, wife and children
Katz,, Motel
Katz, Bryna
Katz, Miriam
Katz, Kalman, wife and children
Katz, Peretz, wife & children
Katz, Shmuel, wife, 2 sons, 3 daughters
Katz, Shloime
Katz, Chaiem
Katz, Henny (dentist), and mother
Katz, Yacov, wife and children

Kellner, Roza

Kinsbruner, Zishe
Kinsbruner, Yeta
Kinsbruner, Yacov
Kinsbruner, Zili

Knauer, Leiser, and wife
Knauer, Yacov, and wife, and child
Knauer, Loniu, wife and son (6 years old)
Knauer, Malvina (18 years old)

Kramer, Zive
Kramer, Wily

Kreigsman, wife and children

Dr. Kreiss, lawyer
Dr. Kreiss, Konrad, lawyer

Krumholz, Family

Kula, Yosel
Kula, Rachel

Laskarina, Fany
Laskarina, Yoseif

Laufer, Moshe, wife and children
Laufer, Kolmen, and wife Fitza
Laufer, Eisig

Laufer, Kalman
Laufer, Berta
Laufer Kosia
Laufer, Poka
Laufer, Yetty, husband and children
Laufer, Feivel, wife and children
Laufer, Max, wife and children
Laufer, Herman, wife and children
Laufer, Yacov, wife and children

Laufman, David and wife
Laufman, Max (Barber) and wife
Laufman, Rachmiel, and his sister Yuta

Lecker, Chaim-Shloimeh, wife and children
Lecker, Yankel, wife and children

Leiser, Moshe Chaim
Leiser, Shapsel
Leiser, Chava and three daughters
Leiser, Roizeh
Leiser Chave and children
Leiser, Brane
Leiser, Berish
Leiser the miller from Petrautzi, wife and children
Leiser the Miller from Igesht
Leiser, Avraham, wife and children
Leiser, Hanyu, mother and three children
Leiser, Yetty
Leiser, Chaim Srul
Leiser, Yosel
Leiser, Sorah
Leiser, Yacov Leib
Leiser, Hersh the mute
Leiser, Joel

Linker, dentist, wife and children

Lobel, Herman
Lobel, Fruma, three children
Lobel, Bubi
Lobel, Zaideh, wife and children
Lobel, Yanyu

Lobel, Hersh
Lobel, Ruthie

Mandel, Max, wife and children
Mandel, Anna
Mandel, Manka

Mandelbaum, Ephraim, and wife

Markuson, Notary , wife and children

Margulis, Herman
Margulis, Roza
Margulia, Soniu
Margulis, Isiu and his sister

Mayer, Emil, wife and children
Mayer the tailor, wife and 3 children

Mervogel, Meier, and mother
Mervogel, Shloime

Minzer Max, wife and children

Mick, Moishe and wife
Mick, Josef and three daughters
Mick, Kolmen, wife and children

Moscovitch, Avraham, the tailor, wife and children
Moskowitch, Isiu

Moses, Feivel
Moses, Anna
Moses, Berta, husband Shaya Raucher, Koinaleh, 5 years
Moses, Moshe
Moses, Oscar, wife Pepi born Hollinger
Moses, Herman, wife Betty born Gross, Mosheleh, 6 years
Moses, Dora, husband Moshe Held
Moses, Gusta, 18 years
Moses, Raizel
Moses, Gershon
Moses, Mendel
Moses, Dora, husband Chaim Weiss

Moses, Buzoi from Banila, wife and children
Moses, Chaiem
Moses, Reisel
Moses, Chana
Moses, Moishe
Moses, Gershon

Mundstein, Max
Mundstein, Roza

Neiman, Max, wife and children
Neuman, Herman, and wife

Pauker the photographer, wife and children
Pauker, Herman, wife and children

Pollak the tailor, wife and children

Raucher, Aron
Raucher, Bluma
Raucher Shaya-Shiku
Raucher, Klara
Raucher, Koinale (5 years old)

Rotenberg, Dr., wife and children
Rosenblat, Yudel
Rosenblat, Rivka
Rosenblat, Mitzi
Rosenblat, Klara
Rosenblat, Shaya
Rosenblat, Noteh (Natan)
Rosenblat, Shiku (Yehoshua)
Rosenblat, Chayeleh

Rotenberg, Ely, wife Riva, and daughter Lotti
Rotenberg Yoineh
Rotenberg, Itzik
Rotenberg, Marcus
Rotenberg, Velvel
Rotenberg, Loli
Rotenberg, Shaya

Rashkis, wife and children

Dr. Rosenberg, wife and children

Rostiker, Nuchem

Rudich, Uren
Rudich, Mariasse and children
Rudich, Petey
Rudich, Dora
Rudich, Letka
Rudich, Yankel
Rudich, Faige
Rudich, Sigmund
Rudich, Salo
Rudich, David
Rudich, Mindel
Rudich, Esther
Rudich, Yankel
Rudich Maly
Rudich, Baruch
Rudich, Lotty
Rudich, Dora
Rudich, Isiu

Saler, Shloime
Saler, Yankel, wife and children
Saler, Chaim, wife and children
Saldinger, Suma,r wife and children
Saldinger, Aron, wife and children

Shayer, Yosel
Shayer, Pepi
Shayer, Milu

Schechter, Dudel
Schechter, Milo, wife and children
Schechter, Gusta
Schechter, Fany
Schechter, Klara
Schechter, Moishe
Schechter, Ita
Schechter, Hedi
Schecter, Doli

Schechter, Yankel
Schechter, Mitzi, born Rosenblat
Schechter, Peisach and wife
Schechter, Ben-Zion
Schechter, Beile
Schechter, Berel and wife
Schechter, Hershel
Schechter, Fredi

Dr. Schwartz, wife and children

Seidman, Shaie, wife and children
Seidman, Golde
Seidman, Rochel

Seibel, Shie (Yehoshua), wife and children
Seibel, Max, wife and son

Shieber, Mosheleh
Sheiber, Hedy

Sherzer, Isiu, and family
Shmerler, Chaim, wife and children
Shmerler, Yacov
Shmerler, Bananeh, wife and children

Shtier, Karl, wife and three children

Shulman, Mordechai Leib, wife and children

Stetner, Mokeh
Stetner, Peretz
Stetner, Benyamin
Stetner, Yosef
Stetner, Peretz
Stetner, Bubi

Singer, Chaim, wife and children
Singer, Mendel, wife and children
Singer, Berta, husband and children
Singer, Yosel, wife and children
Singer, Fany

Stein, Oscar
Stein, Rachmeiel

Sonenstein, Shmuel
Sonenstein, Fishel, wife and children

Tresser, Pesya
Tresser, Chaya

Knoll-Udelsman, Feivel
Knoll-Udelsman, Raizel
Knoll-Udelsman, Hersh
Knoll-Udelsman, Meyer
Knoll-Udelsman, Chaskel
Knoll-Udelsman, Chaim
Knoll-Udelsman, Gitel-Gottleib, and child

Usher, Leiser, his wife and children

Wagner, Alter, wife and children
Wagner, Leiser, wife and children
Wagner, Simche, wife and chidlren

Weshler, Zani
Weshler, Rose
Weshler, Kubi, wife and chidlren
Weshler, Bela
Weshler, Gabriel (Shoemaker)
Weshler, Mark Zitser, wife and children
Weshler the butcher, wife and children
Weshler (my teacher)

Weiner, Josel
Weiner, Miriam
Weiner, Sigmund M.D.
Weiner, Dina

Weisman the tinsman, wife and children
Weisman, Berta
Weisman, Freideh (Fritzi)
Weisman, Leib

Wengerd, Max, wife and children

Zlotshover, Yosel, wife and children

IT WAS CLOSED OFF

We were there a few days more in Ciudin, there were very few of us left, that had been gathered together from all the outskirts, maybe 25 or 30 who had hidden. They had all been gathered...the orders were that for 3 days, they were allowed to murder and do as they wanted, but after 3 days they weren't allowed to shoot anymore.

They led us away to Strojinetz, sixteen miles from Ciudin... and when we got to Strojinetz, they led us to a synagogue in a suburb, and nobody was allowed out. It was closed off, all around , and people were hungry and thirsty.

Many were able to sneak out of this place, where they had created this ghetto, closed-in all around, by giving bribes to let them out. And they went home to bring back... a pillow...something to eat...you know.

After few days went by in that camp, I got together a few boys and we snuck out, and got into some houses. In one house I found a few pillows, and since we slept on the ground I had a pillow to lie down on; I found a pot, in one spot I found some marmalade, you know, and another of us found some milk, and another found a bottle of *boimel*, oil...

They kept us in a synagogue, and a few houses that had been looted naked. At this point there were three or four hundred, just in this one place. This had been a town of 2,500 people, Jews, you understand.

I had not one thing, but I snuck out to try to find where this lawyer Rosenberg lived. A lot of people were still moving around so ... I

inquired here and there to find out where he lived, and when I got to this lawyer's home I didn't see anybody.

When found out where he was... a whole long story was told to me. I found out that Osias [Ed.note: Eisig's's brother] was in hospital, sick in the hospital. When I came to this hospital, Osias told me the following story.

When he had been in the home of this Rosenberg, the lawyer, a man called, (..what was his name?) Meyer, Meyer Laibel, told him, "Osias, it's foolish to sit here in town, because the first thing they are going to do is to search the homes of the Jews. It's no good!"

"So what is one to do?" Laibel says he knows an acquaintance who lives on the other side of the bridge out of town, and "We'll go there"

He says, "We'll be there, and they won't go to that place to search. Poor people live there, and it'll be better there."

Osias took Pepi, his wife, and the child Ruthie. Ruthie was about four years old and they went out to that place. They went over the bridge, and crossed some fields, and after travelling another ten minutes they came to this little house, where a poor family lived. And they stayed there. Altogether they were about fourteen people.

This group stayed there that night, and around Thursday or Friday they came to Strojinetz, and in Strojinetz the same story unfolded: they started to murder Jews, beating people, and they made a ghetto. They gathered Jews...

"RIGHT HERE AND RIGHT NOW!"

Osias had been with this Mayer Laible and these fourteen people. Sunday, a patrol came by in the morning and they had wanted to take them away. So he said "Where do you want to take us?"

The officer said, "Come and we'll take you into town". So my late brother said that he had some money with him; he gave them some money and said "Leave us here."

"O.K., you can stay".

Soon after they left, maybe a half an hour or an hour later, another patrol showed up. My brother Osias saw that one patrol was sending another, so he said "You know what? We'll give you a bit of money, and what what might you be able to do?"

"We're taking you to the camp."

"O.K. take us to the camp, but no one is to beat us or do anything to us."

So these fourteen people left the house and went about 300 meters before they came to the road that led to the bridge that went into town. And as soon as they got on this road, a mounted patrol comes along, and the leader was a Major, an officer, and he saw that these soldiers were leading civilians. So he says "Who are these people?"

The other says "These are Jews. We're taking them to the concentration camp." The Major said that this was not right, and "I want you to execute them **right here and right now!**

So they took them over to a ditch there, and they lined up each of these fourteen people, among whom were Osias, Pepi, and Ruthie. A machine gun was set up and now came the sounds "TTRRRRRRRRR... TTRRRRRRRRRRRR" as they started to shoot.

Osias, out of fear, fell to the ground, and he heard a bit of screaming and crying, and lay there. Again he heard "TTRRRRRRRRRRR" and he lay there pretending that he was dead.

Then he hears the officer, the leader, saying that someone should go and check to see if they were all dead. So one came over, and with a bayonet started to poke people...like so..

When he came to Osias, and spiked him, since he was alive, he sprung up and jumped in among the horses and the soldiers.

They pushed him out with there rifle butts, but not far from this ditch was a fence, and as soon as he got near that, he sprung over, and started to run.

As soon as he started to run, they commenced firing at him. "TTRRRRRRRRR." Out of fear... it had been after a rain, and there was some water on the fields, and you know he lived with only half a lung, the late Osias, because he had been operated on in Milan, and lived with this half-lung. And this is how he ran, this poor guy, and had fallen, and was pretending that he was dead.

He hears yelling from the road from this officer that someone should go and see if he was "*lovit*", that means hit.

So Osias hears someone walking through these wet grasses towards him and comes closer and closer, and looks at him. The soldier bends down and yells "*Ye lovit*" "He's hit!" And he turns around and leaves. Osias continues to lie there, and lay there until it got dark.

He couldn't go back to the place they were shot because he knew what had happened there, that they had all been murdered. He saw as he left how they were all lying there, finished.

After it got dark he thought "What can I do here now?" He decided to go back to Ciudin, our home, to our place. So he got up and walked, and walked, until he got to a house.

He finds a little house just outside the town, near the woods, and in it a light is burning. He approaches this little house, and sees the light inside. He was afraid to go into this house, so he went to a barn where the door was open.

He went into this barn, and crawls into the loft, and sits there with *gehackte vinden*, (like salt on a wound) the whole night, Sunday night.

At daybreak the gentile there came into his barn, and finds Osias there in his loft. He makes a crucifix, and asks him "What are you doing here?"

So Osias tells him the story about what had happened the day before, about how they had been taken out to be shot, and where it happened and so on, and his child had been there. In his child's coat pocket there was still money, and he tells the farmer to go there.

Osia had dollars, but he didn't say so. He said it was *acten* , documents, and "If you bring me those documents, I'll give you the Roumanian money. Go see who's still there; my child had been there, and my wife was there. Search their pockets and bring it to me, and when you get back, I want you to lead me to my sister's, not far from Radautz."

Radautz was further to the south, and Czernovits was more northerly. "You'll take me to either Radautz or Czernovitz".

The other one says "Radautz is not good because it's close to the border, where the Roumanians were crossing. I can take you north to

Czernovits; it's closer." From Strojinetz to Czernovits was about 28 kilometers. He says "I'll take you to Cernovits."

So Osias says "O.K., let's go!"

The man goes away, and Osias waits for him.

Osias sits and waits for him to come back; he waits and waits, and all of a sudden this guy shows up with a patrol. There were six or seven soldiers, and he yells to them "Take this Communist away from my house! Take away this Communist!" You know, "This Communist from my house".

"HE SHOULD NOT STILL BE ALIVE!"

So they take him down, and they start to interrogate him about what where and when, and they take a wire and bind his hands you know, and there was a water mill there. The water came across this wheel, you know, and as it turned it was used to grind flour. They took him and threw him into this water, and he nearly drowned. And when he finally got out of that water, they took him out and beat him murderously.

They took him out and they said "Come!" They were taking him too, to the concentration camp, because the orders were for no more shooting. And they lead him out again on the road, and as they're leading him across the bridge, not far from the town, and another mounted officer comes riding, and asks "Where did you get this guy?" They salute him, and he asks "Where did you get this individual?"

They answered that they had found him at such and such a place. The officer had recognized him: it was the same Major from yesterday, and he knew him!

The Lieutenant salutes, and he says "Come here." And Osias stands there in front of all these soldiers.

The Major says, "Do you see this individual who is standing before you? In a half an hour he should not still be alive! Do you understand!?"

The other one says "Yes!" and salutes him. "*Sa Traiti*" as one says in Roumanian, "You should live long" he says to the Major, and the Major rode off on his horse, and this one is leading Osias, toward town.

In town there had already been a whole "*behoole*", a terror. What had happened?

The Jews that had been driven from their homes; the ones that had been left alive had hidden money, and bribed all these Roumanian officers who had been left in town as guards. They had all been given money.

One guard led a person to where money was hidden, another led one to find his wife; yet another took a prisoner to release his children.

This officer had ordered the soldiers to leave him take charge od Osias, so Osias had gone with him alone.

As he leads Osias, along comes one called Buchbinder, a person from whom we had bought merchandise in Strojinetz,with several others being led by officers, and they see how this officer is leading Osias. Osias gave them a wink, and they came over and asked "What's going on with you?"

So he tells this story: "They're leading me off to shoot me". He tells, "They're going to shoot me."

So they took the officer off to the side, and said "Look, let him live, what are you going to get if you kill him? You've already killed enough.." And so on..

They put some money in his hand, and the officer said, "He can't be... in ten minutes... he shouldn't be here anymore. He should not be seen!"

So they said "Come over here to this house." They went over gave him this money, you know, and they took Osias to some place, I don't know where. Osias was very sick by this time, you know, so he went to this Dr. Rosenberg.

Dr. Rosenberg was in with ...he was the chief doctor in the hospital: Popovici was the Director. And Rosenberg begged him to take Osias into this hospital, because he was very sick.

He lived with a half a lung, you know , and he was weak from these troubles: he had lost his wife and his child, and everything...he was finished!

So he took him into the hospital, and that's where Osias lay.

GATHER UP CORPSES

When we also came to Strojinetz, after a few days, we were all taken, all the young boys, the ones who still had the strength to stand. They took us, and they took me too. We were a few guys, and they gave us a wagon, a big wagon with two horses, and we were ordered to go to different streets.

"You go to this street, and **gather up corpses.** Wherever you see corpses..." So these dead people were thrown onto this wagon...

In Strojinetz... they were like hay. We took them up to the "*Bays*

Oilam", that's where there were other people who had been captured for labour, and mass graves were dug there. And we had the mission to bring them. So we went with the horses...

This was a few days after what had happened in Ciudin; it had also happened in Stroginetz.

So...Osias tells me that people who did as we did on that street, to gather dead people for the "*Bait Oilam*", to the "*Bait Hakvarot*", you know the holy ground. These people that had been to the street where Osias's family had been killed, and they found a child... alive.

She was still warm...she was still warm. They saw her moving a little, so they said "We can't take her to the "*Bait Oilam*", and they took her up to the hospital and they laid her down on the stairs. And she lay there, and as people walked by they saw a child lying there.

So they took this child up to the hospital. They found a child...they didn't know it was a Jewish child.

HE SAW IT WAS HIS

This Dr. Rosenberg had intervened, you know, with this Director. to take Osias in. They put patient's robes on him...you know, he was a patient.

So the late Osias was there as a patient, and it became known to him that a child had been there for a few days. A child had been found, a Jewish child probably...but she didn't have a bullet in the head. They had given her a blow, you know with the rifle, and they had broken open ....her whole head, you know. She lay there for six weeks, without seeing one thing with her eyes...nothing.

Osias heard about a child, and he went to see who this child was, and as he approached he saw it was his child. She couldn't see a thing with her eyes for weeks, and couldn't speak with her lips.

THEN CAME A DECREE

In Stroginetz I had gone to see Osias and Ruthie in the hospital and had found all this out.

More than 1,000 or 1,500 people were living in this ghetto, with wire all around, and you weren't allowed to go out. And the times that they caught me and beat me!

I thought "They can shoot me. I don't care." After I heard what had happened at home, I didn't want to live any longer. But one doesn't die when one wants to, and one doesn't live when one wants to.

Then it started to get a little better. Osias, you know he was quite a *draikop* a scheemer; both he and Ruthie went back to the concentration camp. He was there with the child, and started to seek a connection to Radautz, where our sister, the late Dora had lived. If by chance Dora was still alive, it would be possible to send Ruthie there, because adults couldn't come and go.

Anyhow, Osias sent away to Radautz where we knew the brother of a man called Itsik Birnbaum. Itsik had been shot in Ciudin. This brother, who was a very rich man lived in Radautz. They had, you know, lumber yards, saws and saw-mills.

Birnbaum bought off an officer to go from Radauitz to Strojinetz, from where Osias had sent word, and this officer brought the child to Radauitz: Ruthie that is.

From Radautz he sent the child to Dora, to Frasin in the Gura-Humora region, about 40 to 50 kilometers from Radautz. And Ruthie stayed with the late Dora.

Then came a decree that all the Jews of Stojinetz must leave. This was the same summer we were sent away to a *lager* , a work camp about twenty to twenty-five kilometers from Strojinetz.

Not all were sent at the same time. A portion was sent to a place on the way to Cernovits, and they sent us to Vashkovits, another region.

They did it like driving sheep. They drove people, separated them, fathers, mothers, separated.

Some managed to stay together; I went to this Vashkovitz region and Osias stayed because he was still sick and still had to go to the hospital. And during that time he sent Ruthie to our sister.

Then came the decree that nobody should be left in Stroginetz: no more Jews, none, none, none at all.

They started in the north Bucovina, Strojinetz was north, so was Czernovitz.

Dora was in the south, on the other side. And there they started the story again. In Radautz, Netty's [Ed. note: Nettie would later would marry Eisig] town , they also started.

DEAD ONES, DEAD ONES, DEAD ONES, DEAD ONES

Many of the people in Czernovitz did survive, just as many who remained there were deported to Transnistria by trains. Mother (Ed. note: refers to Netty Moses, the storyteller's wife, and mother of the transcriber) was one who was sent by train. I later had to walk the

whole way, on the death march. We were driven from Ciudin to Stroginetz, and after to Vashkovitz.

In Vashkovitz there was a family by the name of Lifshitz, and he had been a suitor for my sister at one time. There was tons of mud in our village, and this guy wore his galoshes right into our sitting room, very uneducated. Others knew to take off their shoes outside! (laughs). So he came in, and a dowry was presented. It was said that he earned lots of money but he was very stingy. So Tatte said, "One who doesn't know how to spend, cannot earn money."

My sister didn't suit him, but when I came to him I was naked and barefoot, and he helped to clothe me. He gave me a jacket, and a pair of shoes. I had owned a good coat which had been stolen on the way.

We were driven to Yedenitz, where we take to a place where tombstones were manufactured. We were there three or four weeks and it was a horrific place. There was one pot, and in it was mud, literally mud.

I was in this Yedenitz, and people there were dying of hunger.

Couriers came, those who were given money to transport letters and so on. They were given money and were told to go to such and such a place, and deliver this or that. So I contacted one of those couriers, and wrote what had happened to Netty's father ... so he sent me some money, and this officer brought it to me. This was all in Yedenitz, which was in Basserabia.

And what we went through in Bassarabia! There was a decree: those who could not go on were to be shot. Shooting and shooting and more shooting.

And no food and no water. No, nothing.

People lay down on it on the ground, and we covered ourselves, and that's how we slept.

And when we got up in the morning they started to drive us on again. We got up that morning, and Ruchale who was a diabetic, had the sugar go into her eyes, and she became blind. This was the daughter of Mr. Guttman, my teacher.

They see that we are starting to talk to her and so on. They told us to line up, and when they saw us fussing over her they asked, "What's the matter? Can't you go on?"

They grabbed her away, out of our hands, and led her about... maybe as far away as the next house here, at the bottom of a hill they set up a row: full of people. "TRRRRRR!" A machine gun was set up. "TRRRRRRRRRRR" All layed down.

She was the same age as my late sister Gusta, about eighteen years old.

I asked Mr. Gutmann "So, is there a God in this world?

He replied: "Don't ask me anything anymore."

And after a few days they also took his *tallis* , his prayer shawl, because he still wore his *tallis*. After a few days he too fell away, left alone.

They sent us to the holy ground, where on one side they made tombstones, you know, and I took four of those stones and made a place to live. We stayed there a few weeks.

There was only one way to get water, to yank it up, and when you yanked up the water there was mud in it. You couldn't drink that water. And people died!

Bodies, **dead ones, dead ones, dead ones, dead ones.**

It was summer. All around where we were was barbed-wire, so I crawled out. I figured, if they shoot me, they shoot me; to heck with it! What else could be worse than this. So I crawled and crawled out onto the field where some potatoes were growing, and I dug some out, and brought them in. Do you think they were cooked? No, they were eaten raw. Raw, anyway we could.

One of Netty's aunt's, and her daughter were there, and she said to me "Asiu, we have dollars; can we perhaps pay you dollars for a piece of bread?" Where was there bread! I remember seeing this poor soul find a discarded, mostly-eaten apple-core lying in the mud, picking that up, and eating it. Yes ... the hunger...*Oi vey*, oh hurt..

JUST LIKE THE "MAFIA"

At that place I heard yelling once "Someone stole my rucksack! Someone stole my rucksack!" It was a chap called M.H., you know, with a few others, who were a pack of thieves. They would take what they could to the wire, and exchange what they could. For example, they would trade a suit for a bread.

I had nothing, except a brick that I used as a pillow. Later we were put up in a barn, and a little Shul was fashioned, and people *davened*, prayed. Those who still had something made a fire outside, and cooked a bit of soup. It was a tough life.

There was one Jew who was a commandant. The first thing that was done was to put Jews in charge of other Jews, to send others to work. One was called Schaffer.

When I woke up one morning my shoes were gone. Elie's brother had been staying at M. H.'s, and told me that my shoes were there. So I

went in and banged my hand on the table. His wife was there, P. was her name, and I said "If the shoes aren't returned today, I'm going to the police."

Says he to P., M. says, "P. tell Asiu to leave, because he'll soon be picking his teeth up off the floor."

You hear ... and I know who this M. is, a ferocious fighter. So I left, and went up to this Schaffer's, and told him the story. So he says "Come tomorrow, and I'll have an answer for you."

Along I come the next day, and he says that the commandant told him that for five hundred Lei [Ed. note: Roumanian currency] he could have him shot (laughs). Five (laughing) hundred Lei! The bullets cost money too you know (laughing). I said "This won't do; if these fellows could be incarcerated for a few days, O.K., but not that."

Anyway he agreed to jail him. They come to look for him there...all those who had received packages, packages had arrived from Roumania for this one, for that one, for Berel, and for Fuhrman, (laughs) all those who came to pick up packages were jailed, except for M. (laughs). He also received packages but he didn't go!

Well they put their hands on him this time, and put him in jail. It came time for *Yom Tov*, the High Holidays of *Rosh Hashona*, New Year, and *Yom Kippur*, the Day of Atonement, and P. comes to me. "Asiu, we were so good at home...and so on."

We used to be very wary of him. He'd come in in the morning and ask, "Where's Moishe, where is Shie (Osias)? Where is Herman?" Like taking a report, where everybody is. He had to know everything this M.H., a terrible gonef, thief. He was well-known.

There was a guy called Shloime who was approached to give him money , just like the "Mafia", you hear! M.H. had built a house, he needed money, and he came to the late Herman, who lent him funds for his locks, as I remember. Did you pay him back? That's how M. paid him back, for these locks.

He went to this Shloime Sherff, saying " Shloime, I need money; I have to finish the house", and so on, just like the Mafia.

Shloime said " Anee Shloime, I am Shloime." This Shloime Shärff had been running liquor clandestinely from one place to another. He had his guys; big healthy guys. They would drive the liquor at night, collect money, and so on. One night he set out, and a few guys jumped out of the ditch, threw him and his boys out of his wagon, and took off with the whiskey, the horse and wagon, everything. This Sherff was a bright guy, so he came to *Chidi,* Ciudin, and went up to M.H.'s, saying, "M., I want to talk to you. I know who did this deed."

M. said " O.K., we can talk. I told you that time that I needed money."

Shärff says "How much do you need?"

So M.H. asks "How much was your merchandise worth?" And he agreed that twenty percent would be given to him. He went and opened his barn, and there were the horses, the wagon...(laughs). This was M.!

You have to understand that there was a Gendermarie, a Police force, but any big crook would have them bought off.

So back to this Erev Yom Tov, the eve of the holiday when P. came to say how we had been so good, and such and such. So we went to the authorities and they let him go.

WE'D STEAL WHATEVER WE COULD

This was in the Yedenitz ghetto. No, there was no work, and there was no food. One fed off of one's own flesh. There was a wire around this ghetto, and in these houses of the many Jews who had been shot; we went around to these houses. I mostly went to one where there were many sunflowers. I lived off of those. We'd go around and find a carrot, an apple; **we'd steal whatever we could.**

Around the time we were to leave Yedenitz; it was Hoshana Raba, I got sick and was lying on the ground with Typhus, bad headaches. I had a shirt that was ripped so badly, it only came up to here. No shoes, nothing. It was raining outside, it had started to get cold, and in comes the Gendarmarie " *Yeshiets hafar*!" We should go out immediately.

We come out into the rain, and I'm standing there. There were about fifteen hundred people out there, and they put us into one row. The order was: Those who could walk, could go; those who couldn't were to be taken out to be shot. Shooting and shooting. I've already told you about the young Guttman girl who was taken away and shot. That's how it was.

We came to a forest, and I was lying there thinking "I won't live through this night." A mass grave was dug there and the dead were dragged and thrown in. I was lying there, and M. comes over, you hear, and sees me there. He asks "Asiu, what's with you." I was not able to reply, and motioned to him like this...

He says "T."; he had a son named T. "T., go tell Mama to give me such and such a rucksack, you hear. So he ran to get this rucksack...

Out of this rucksack he pulled out some galoshes, and an old coat which he tore up and wrapped my feet. P. had also come, so he sent her to get some other stolen items. She brought me some warm milk...

Slowly, slowly, I revived. He put a coat on me, and wrapped something around my head. He said "Get up." They were rounding up people who were not yet dead, to throw them in too. Had he not shown up, they would have thrown me in too.

I CAN'T STAND TO SEE MY FRIEND DYING

They continued to drive us on, and on. What we lived through; *vey*, oh my. We saw poor children along the way, lying next to their dead mother, saying "Get up! Get Up!"

One child yelled "Momma used to beg me to eat, eat, and now you won't give me a little piece of bread"...What we lived through...

This was all in 1941. We were about 1500 to 2000 people and that's how they drove us, and drove us along, until we came to a place...it wasn't too far from Bershat. There was a huge *kolchos*, a collective farm. They let us in there, and I hid in among the sunflowers. I dug myself in, and ate these sunflowers.

The bandits came to search for people who had gold teeth. Those with gold teeth were murdered for their teeth.

When we got to that place we heard that they were searching for people to work. Very good. Every morning those who could would go to work. I was so sick, I could hardly walk.

I remember being on a hill. I had found some beets to eat, and I had to go. While I was defecating on this hillside, I was so weak that I

fell down. I had trouble pulling my pants up, and getting back up the hill.

We were lying on some straw, and you could see the lice lifting the straw. The lice were ferocious. Many were infected with Typhus from lice bites.

We were in one place a short time. There was a man named Labale Katz, standing and crying. I see my landsman, my countryman, so I go over to ask him what was wrong. He says "**I can't stand to see my friend dying.**" He was talking about me.

We kept moving to Obedofka, a little village. There was a bridge to cross, as I remember. We would sneak out at night and search through some empty houses. I remember finding something to eat in the home of someone who had been killed.

At one point I got caught near Chervkinofka, near the border, The Germans had already been there. I got caught, and I'm not even sure how I got there. I was dragged to work. There was a huge barrack full of Jews. This was good, to see so many Jews. One says to me "You think you've come to a sweet life?"

He tells me that in this place they break big rocks into little ones. "Now you are with the Germans. This is very bad. Those who can work are given a piece of bread and some soup. Those who cannot are kaput, finished." He showed me the big mass graves, you hear. One day I see them carrying people out of that barrack, many still alive. Lime was thrown onto them, these people who were thrown in.

He says "This is our work, and if we can't, others will come along and do the same with us." This was the first night. I'm telling you, you

hear...what I can't tell...what I saw there...from where the smoke comes out, you know...

I went...and took belts... to....This is the first time I'm telling this to my children..., apart from Rabbi....I found a private corner, and took these belts, and prepared everything to tie it around my neck. I fell...

TRANSNISTRIA

I want to ask you , my dear Philip, that you should please not disclose the name of that person who I relieved of his entanglement in Yedenitz, Basserabia, Roumania. In every family there are good people, and also bad ones. I don't wish that the decent ancestors be burdened by the shame of those who are bad. *Shlach lachmecho al pnai hamayim*, is said by our people; with the *mitzvah*, good deed that I took that man, his wife and children out of trouble, I had the great fortune to be rescued from lying in a forest, ninety per-cent dead, waiting to be thrown into a mass grave where all the dead and some of the living were being thrown.

I can see the relationship between taking him out of his entanglements. He comes to me and asks me "What is wrong with you Asiu?". He tells his son T. "Go get the rucksack", as I told you. He was like an angel from heaven come to rescue me from the Angel of Death, from that death. I had thought about how a person could change themselves so, and become a *Bal Tchuva*, a master of repentance, with a good heart, and with *maasim toivim*, good deeds.

We were in Basserabia in Ataki, it was called. We were on a hill, and thrown into the water by the Transnistria. I was, with G-d's help, thrown into the water up to my neck, and stood there that way while

they threw big rocks at us; they shot at us. Those people who remained standing on the hill, it was a steep slope; many were able to stop themselves by grabbing almost anything, a piece of vegetation, and stopped mid-way down were pelted with rocks or shot.

That's how I survived; by standing there the whole night; until an angel of a general came along to see what what was going on. He asked "What's going on here?" He gave the order to halt immediately. He said in Roumanian that nothing else should be done. He ordered rope to be brought to be thrown down to those who were still alive, who were hauled back up the slope. He had to continue along on his mission, with his army unit; and we were left vulnerable again.

Transports of train wagons full of people were brought *Kchoile* כאס-סס 8/ *Hayom* they kept bringing and bringing and bringing. There were many too, like us, who had been driven on foot, like sheep to the slaughter, to death.

I began to see how they were taking many people away on wagons. From far away I could hear lots of shooting, and gevoldes, hysterical screaming. I knew it wasn't good. They would take full wagons and these wagons would come back empty.

It was dusk, and a horse and wagon came along, driven by a young Roumanian, and just as he passed by, I turned away from the column, from all those standing and waiting to go to their deaths, and I jumped up on this wagon, and I'm going with him. As I got up on the wagon, I made the sign of the cross, and said "Thank G-d, I'm rid of these people!"

He asked me what I was doing, and I explained to him how I had had been taken, with my horse and wagon, which had been taken away.

He replied that he had been luckier, that the people he had on his wagon had been taken away to be shot, and "I was left with my empty wagon, so I turned around and took off".

"Oh", I said, "You did the right thing, because they took my wagon and my horses!". So I ask him where he's going. He replied that he was heading for such and such a place, and told me a story. I tell him a story too, and I see that as we're riding along, not far from where we were, about two hours away, he stopped at a well to water his horses. There was a hollowed out tree, there.

I looked up and saw another transport of about fifteen hundred people, some on wagons, mostly walking. I could see how they were being led up a hillside, it looked like preparation to stop for the night. I jumped in among these people; he didn't see me leave while he was watering the horses.

These people were being led by, their names should be erased, Jewish police, one of whom had been appointed Captain. He was responsible for all these people, and if one person was missing he would be shot, and all his family would pay for it; he was therefore obligated to see to it that all were accounted for.

I made inquiries to see who this Captain was, who the President was, and asked where they were going. He replied that they were going to such and such a place, ending at a place called Ataki, which was the last border town before crossing the Dniester to Mogilev [Ed. note: The Dniester River was the boundary to Ukraine; Mogilev was place where a major work incentive was keeping many Jews alive. The work was centered at a foundry headed by an engineer named Jagendorf.]

On this side was Ataki, then the River Dniester, and Mogilev was on the other side. That's why it was called **Transnistria**, which means across form there. There was no bridge there because the Russians, as they fled, blew up the bridge so that the Germans couldn't easily cross. In spite of that the Germans were able to cross on temporary bridges and floats. Trucks and autos were able to cross to get the military across.

I told this President what had been occurring there, how people were being led, and that he should do everything possible to resist going there. He started to make inquiries with the Roumanian officers, and money was collected from all sides, form those who still had. At this point I had nothing, no money, nothing; I had only my soul.

I warned him to give what they could or face death. These officers were bought off, and we stayed there several days. It was asked "How long can we stay here? We need to keep moving."

Where was there to go; to our deaths? Anyway, what happened there was that we started moving further back, and back; money was given so that we wouldn't move forward. We kept moving back and back.

We bribed the officers to go anywhere but Ataki, to survive. Whoever could went other places, and we ended up in Yanpol, Frishpu, in another region, also on the other side of the Dniester.

There troubles started, oh! People fell like flies, from hunger and cold; without shoes, without clothes, with nothing. How we survived that winter G-d only knows, only one G-d knows!

We were in the Ukraine, in Bershat. I remember a winter night that was so cold! We were outside, in the lager, the concentration camp.

It had been a kolchos, like a kibbutz, a collective farm. As I told you those people who had gold teeth were hunted to remove their teeth.

Where else were we? In Obidofka, I came into a house that was packed with people. I was told "You can't be here!"

I asked why not and they asked "Where will you sleep?" I asked to stay the night by standing by the door, because the floor was totally covered with people. I asked an elderly man to just stand at the door, just stand at the door. In the middle there was a pail, for those unfortunates who had to relieve themselves. Sick people; they coughed and they sneezed. Here was a dead one, and there was a dead one, and G-d helped me to stay there all night.

There were several guys that I knew from back home. One died, then the second one died, the third one died, and two or three...four, four of us remained. We came to this lager in Obidofka, where there were already more Jews, and the first winter was a very very bad, awful winter, very very bad, it was no good.

BERSHAT

Some said in Bershat it would be better. How to get to Bershat? people conferred amongst us, and there was a very fine *Yeed*, Jewish man, he had been twine-weaver. He gave us the advise to get to Bershat, because there were more Jews there, and an *obshine, a courtus gemein.* It was long way to go, maybe two nights to get there. The way we got there, sick and weak; and we had to get by their checks for the sickness called Typhus. We were already sick, and G-d helped us to get to Bershat.

This was a new chapter: we came across a bridge there, and wherever we went no one would let us in. As we went along, we ran into three *maidlach*, young women. I heard them speaking in Russian, and one said something in Yiddish. I asked "Do you speak Yiddish?" because we didn't understand Russian.

She says "Yes, we speak Yiddish." We told them where we were coming from, and so on. One of them started to cry, and they started to speak in Russian. They led us to a Tsotsia, an Aunt, who was told who we were, where we were coming from etc. These young women started to beg their aunt.

The men had been shot. There were no men left, only women. They begged to take us three boys in. She agreed to take us in, but not in our condition, because we were rife with lice. People were very wary of lice, because they carried Typhus.

She led us into a house, terribly cold. She said "I have an empty house here, and you can make a fire here, but do not come into the other house."

She went up in the loft, went up to bring some clean clothes, underwear, and some pairs of pants, and a coat, and gave it to us. She brought water, and we bathed. We were like humans again. She brought us food. This one brought some food, and that one brought some food; they were wonderful Jews there in the Ukraine, wonderful Jews. This was in Bershat; dear Jews. We stayed there for some time, given food, and everything was O.K.

In Obidofka we stayed quite a long time in a full house of people. A family from Czernovitz by the name of Bernstein was there; a mother, a father, two sons and two daughters. The man was a carpenter.

They were all in the same house.

First this one died, then that one, and another and another. Near this house was a large shed. We went out and they showed us that this shed was full of dead people, all from that neighbourhood. Wagons went around to pick up these dead people. The wagons had sled blades in the winter. Dead people were thrown up like straw, hay.

We stayed there, and there was no food. They had come from Czernovitz with a rucksack of items like clothes, shoes, shirts. This lager or concentration camp was comprised of Jewish houses where the men had been shot and the women remained. These wagon-sleds went by all the houses, and wherever there were dead people they were thrown up. After a while neither wagons nor sleds came, and what was to be done with all these corpses? This very large shed was used for this purpose.

ELIE

I was with my dear friend Elie, who still lives in Montreal today, and I pray that he continues to live for many years. He has been in wheelchair for sixteen years now, and thankfully his mind works very well, and he worked on writing the Yizkor book with me. He helped me to remember the names of about seven hundred people in our Stetl; we were like one family.

I go to him weekly and see him. He is in his wheelchair and always happy to see me, and we remember all these things together. A very wonderful man, who has a beloved wife named Goldie. If not for her, he would long be in another world. She cares for him and prays to G-d that he remains alive for many long years. She works very hard

with him. Four people come over to help; take him into the bath, put him in bed and take him out. Money is paid, and they are not very rich people, bust she does what she can; a soul made of gold.
This is the Elie I was with there.

Elie and I were asked to go pick up dead people to place them in this shed. We were practically naked and barefoot, without much to wear. There wasn't much to eat; so people went to the fence that surrounded the camp. Non-Jews came there to sell things and the buy things like a good suit, a shirt, some shoes; whatever anyone had could be sold for a piece of bread. For food, everything was given away.

This Bernstein family was with us; and after a few weeks, I said "Give me some of your things and I'll go and see what I can sell."

It became known to me from Bernstein that there was a spot where his relative had exchanged a suit for some honey, and some prunes. He had been asked "Max, what have you done, giving away a whole suit for that?"

He told his father "Tatte, who needs these things?" So they gave me something to take out there too.

Instead of condiments, I brought back a Bit , sixteen kilos, of potatoes. I didn't have the strength to carry all that, so I took Elie and brought these potatoes. We made a fire to cook up these potatoes. This is how we lived.

Elie and others would ask "How are we going to live through this?"

I said "G-d will help us to survive."

Soon enough we didn't have anything else to sell. The father, Mr. Bernstein became ill. A daughter came a kicked him to get him to go to work. He said "I cannot. I'm sick!"

The son-in-law was a really fine man, he reproached her "Sabina, why use your feet;don't your hands work?" He was telling her to hit her father. I had never seen or heard of anything like that in my life.

He was lying on his deathbed and said to me "You know, take whatever you can of these items to sell." He had a blouse, a jacket, a shirt, I don't know what else from the valises and rucksack he had. I went out and brought a piece of bread, and I was able to also eat this way. G-d help him, after a time he died. His wife was very sorrowful. She had not realized how sick he was.

We stayed there, and this is how we lived for a long long time. I would take the clothes off the dead people; a pair of pants or a coat. One would have to be very careful for lice. One louse-bite could give you Typhus and kill you.

One day we had a couple of pairs of pants. They were stained and Elie tried to clean them as best he could with a corncob, scrubbing and scrubbing them. We found a non-Jew who said he would give us cornmeal. We accompanied him into a far *dorf*, suburb, and he gave us a small sack of meal. We got back and how did we make a fire? We stole a bit of wood from here and from there, a door or a window from abandoned houses. This is how we survived for a long long time.

WORK

G-d helped and Spring came. We were able to get a bit of work. One day they were looking for workers, so they took me, and Elie, and a

few others to work for some Germans. My shirt was completely tattered; I couldn't where another because they were infested with lice. I had a pair of shoes that M.H. had given me. We were dragged to work for these Germans, and when they saw us they started cursing "We asked for workers, not stinking Gypsies. What are you bringing us? Better to shoot them and get it over with."

Selner asks, because he didn't know German, "*Ches puniu*? What is he saying?" So I said "He said that you should give us some clothes and feed us."

So he says "O.K.", and they led us away from there, and when he returns he tells how the Germans had ordered clothing (Laughs) and food. The other one says "Food we have, but we have no clothing." Well, we were satisfied with the bit of food they gave us. And we left.

That's how we survived, *gemutched* they say in Yiddish. They gave us food that time. Another time they came to look for people to work. Wherever they caught a man, he would be dragged off. They caught me one time, and Elie and dragged us away. They sent us to a lager in Ukrania called Piutiora. What I saw in that lager was terrible, terrible. I cannot tell you the inhuman things that I saw.

There was a kind of, I don't know what you call it, it was so hard, and that is what was given to eat. I saw people eat other's excrement. I was there two days, and ran away. I stood out on a field and didn't know where I was. I didn't know where I was. Should I go left or right?

I asked some non-Jews, as I already knew a bit of Russian, where Bershat was. They told me where it was.

When I got to that lager I went to every corner of it to see how I could escape, every corner. I got out at night, in the rain, under the

barbed-wire. I lay there thinking "If they shoot me they shoot me. It probably would be better to be shot than to live such misery. I crawled out of there, and G-d helped me to get out of there.

Another time I'm not sure how I got into this, I was caught, and put up on a truck and taken, I remember to a place Czefirnofka, that I already told you about: it was horrible. I escaped from there too, and again found myself out in the countryside not knowing where I was going to or where I had come from. Germans came by and questioned me. I started to speak German telling them I was Russian deserter, and perhaps they could take me. These Germans took me on their truck (laughs).

I told them that I had family in Bershat, so they took out a map to see where Bershat was. "Oh!" he says. "That is very far from here". It was about a hundred or two hundred kilometers. So they took me part of the way. They had rifles and machine guns, and sat forward, and I sat at the back. I thought to myself "If I had one more guy with me, and maybe a bit more strength, I'd grab a machine gun and shoot and kill them all."

But they treated me fine and took me a long way. They let me off at night, and I went to a non-Jew, a farmer, and asked him where Bershat was.

As he told me how far Bershat was, and I saw a man sitting there, and it came to me that he must be a Jew because I heard him groan "Oi..."

When I heard him groan "Oi", I also gave a bit of a groan "Oi". The non-Jew had given him food, and they gave me food too. I started to talk to this Jew to ask him how it had been for him. He began to tell about

such and such, and how to get to Bershat. (laughs) Going to Bershat was like going to Israel.

That man knew Polish, Ukrainian, and spoke with the farmer who made us a proposition. It would soon be spring, and he could use us to work around his farm. We promised to do anything, and stayed there for some time, helping him with his horses, his cows.

JAIL

All was going well, and I'm not sure who turned us in, but we were caught again. It was Spring. That season, and the following summer was a very difficult time. We got put in jail in Tulchin, and we were sent from one place to another to work. We ran away again, and got caught again, and worked some more. I stayed with this man all the while.

Sitting in this jail in Tulchin, other criminals were there too, non-Jews, who were brought food, but none for us.

One morning when summer was just about over, a man came in who spoke a bit of Ukrainian, a bit of German, and asked "Jude, Jude, Jude?!" , asking who was a Jew.

I raised my hand saying " I am a Jew, what would you like?"

He replies "Come! Come with me!"

I asked "Where are you taking me? I want to ask you a favour: I am so beat up, that if you want to shoot me, do it right now."

Says he "No, no no, give some money".

I could have given him a *crenk*, a curse (laughs). What money did I have? I had nothing! A handkerchief is what I had. So he took that handkerchief too. He said "Come!"

So I thought "I hope he takes me out to shoot me." So I tell him that they're not feeding me, I'm dying of hunger. "What else would you want from me?"

It was a beautiful day, and he led me out of this jail. We went on a path behind this jail, and we walk and walk. All of a sudden there is very large ditch to cross, and a fence. The fence was locked with boards, so he says "Go over there to ask for food!" I look through the boards and I see Jews standing there wearing *Talaisim*, prayer shawls, and praying outdoors. He repeats "Go, go ask for food."

I get across this ditch and approach these people saying "*Yeeden*, my fellow Jews, I've been holed up in this jail for several days. Perhaps you could give me a bit of something to eat."

They say "Don't you know that today is Yom Hakadosh" Yom ... Kippur, the day of Atonement ... [Ed. note: Yom Kippur is the holiest of all the sacred days ion the Jewish calender, a day for strict observance of fasting]. I did not know what day it was ... Yom Kippur.

The Jews started to confer amongst themselves, and this guard got agitated, standing there and waiting. "Come!" he yells, and leads me back to jail.

I lay there in that cell and cried so much... all day. In the evening I prayed every prayer that I knew by heart. I lay there crying and crying and crying. It got dark, and I heard the door opening, and yelling "Jude, Jude!"

"I am Jude!" I said.

I see something like a plate in his hand, covered with a towel, and he says "Come here and eat!" I took this plate, and in the dark I could feel the touch of pieces of bread. I ate and cried, and ate some more.

The next day I was sitting in this jail, and found that those on the outside had discovered that there were a few more Jews inside, and children as well, all sitting with me there in this jail. A guy come to the window, and I asked him to be taken out to go to the toilet. I was taken out, and all of a sudden, a soldier comes along, and brings a pail , covered with a cloth, with soup, you hear Philip. Soup, and a spoon, with pieces of bread. There was family there with a little girl, and a little boy, and we're sitting there.

One day and the next, and the third day; they keep bringing this to us. I asked a soldier to go over to this Jewish settlement and give them a slip of paper. "Give them a note, and you'll be paid." He agreed to go the next day.

Next day I saw him at the window, so I asked him for some paper, and a pen, and told him "You'll see! You'll get paid for this!"

So he says "O.K."

He brought some paper, and a pencil, and I wrote that they had brought more Jews in and by this time there were about twenty-five Jews in there. They had been told that they were going to be sent to PICIORA Oi vey! Oh my! I told them to be careful to not fall into that place because it means death. "To death; you must not go there."

They started to cry, and I wrote, that there are so many of us here in jail, so many kids, and they started to bring us food. We continued to sit there until suddenly people started to get dragged away.

From this community, there had been given heavy bribes. It became known that the food that had been sent was paid for with hidden diamonds... I can't talk because I start to cry... diamonds were given so that I could have a bit to eat...

This is how we lived there. I got away from there when we were taken out to work. I ran away, and ended up in Tulchin. I was in lager there when I found out exactly what had happened: the Jews had given money to the local authority.

I told the locals that those people who remained in that jail were destined for Piutiora, and money was collected to buy them out. If I had not been able to say precisely where to find these people they would have been taken to their deaths; simply to their deaths. What happened to them after that I don't know.

After that I was caught again and again.

G-d helped me to get through the following winter, which was 1942.

The following year 1943 was the year I ended up in Bershat, where those girls helped to get us clothed, and everything was fine and good.

Once an order came, that all the dwellings that we inhabited were going to be commandeered. We were all to be evacuated, and everything that we had was taken. If there was a pillow it was taken, so we had to sleep on bare planks. These thieves got up in the loft and stole everything!

These people living there were sweet people, they had warmed water for our baths, given us clean clothes when we were sick; and had everything stolen from them. These civilians, Ukrainians, stole from everybody.

I got very sick with Typhus. I had a pullover that was lice-infested; it was so cold, and the window was broken, so I stuffed the

window with this pullover, and I found myself talking to the lice "You'll all freeze. I'll show you yet; you'll freeze."

I was terribly hungry. There was one little sack of garlic, and if not for that garlic, I'd be dead today. I ate this garlic, and felt a sweat come over me. It was cold in the house by I got so hot that sweat poured off me from this garlic. It was the only thing to eat.

After about three days this woman came along with a kerchief over her head, and brought three little rolls. I said "G-d alone sent you with this."

She said "Children, I cannot help you. Everything has been taken from us."

I got so awfully sick with this Typhus. I lay there and lay there. Somehow this woman brought us something every day. She brought a bit of soup...

OUR GOLDEN POT

Eventually I started coming back to my old self, and began to go out to work. Work was found here and there. Spring came and I'd go to farmers to beg if I could do something for them. One agreed to have me start on some digging. Where did I have the strength to dig? I don't know, but I did, and helped him out in the fields too.

Summer came and it was brighter. I went out with a guy; there was a family by the name of Shtadler, and he knew the language. "The mayor here has said that he could use some people for work in the forest."

There were two-man saws to cut the trees. Now, during this time I had found Elie in Bershat. I took him as a partner to work with

Shtadler. He had two daughters, one's name was Rose, and I forget the other's. He had a son who also came to the woods. The job was to cut trees and chop off the branches, and our pay was as much wood as we could carry out on our shoulders. I was barefoot, and we worked hard.

It was six or seven kilometers back to Bershat, and we'd carry this wood back to town to sell it, let's say for a bread. As soon as I got my hands on this bread I ate it! When we got back to the woods in the morning I was hungry again!

My leg got infected. I had been hit with the butt end of a rifle, and pus had formed. My leg got swollen. There was a Dr. Menchler there from Ciudin who I went to see. "Dr., what can I do here?

He said "You need good air, lots of rest and good food."

I replied "Herr Dr., I had plenty of air (laughs); I work in the woods and I have an excellent appetite, but I have no food, and I cannot rest."

"How can I help you my dear Moses? Maybe you can help me?"

"How can I help you?"

"My feet are frost-bitten, and I cannot walk. Perhaps you could carry me to farmers, and we could get food."

"I can barely carry the wood on my shoulders; how could I carry you?"

One day carrying wood in the forest, my foot hit a rock. My ankle was badly twisted, and I couldn't walk. I took some rope, and bound it tightly, and continued along. I heard a snap! My foot was back in place!

We worked for quite a bit of time like that in the woods. One day I told Elie "I am sorry but I won't be returning to Bershat. I will be staying here."

"What are you doing? How are you going to stay here overnight", he said.

I made myself a shelter of branches, about a meter off the ground. I used grass and leaves to make a kind of a bed, and lay in there.

At night I got friendly with the others that worked in the woods. I had a fire going day and night.

I saw that when the non-Jewish farmers went home to, it was like a kibbutz, a collective farm, leftover from the Russians. Having been what they call a *yingle frum dem dorf*, a child of the town, I knew about how things grew.

I went out at night, at that time I saw the leaves of the potato plants starting to get full. I got very tiny potatoes, very young but excellent. I told Elie to bring me a pot if he could, and a bit of salt. After quite some time like this I felt like a *mensch*, a human being, again.

Since I couldn't carry wood anymore, I sought another way to make a living. At the beginning, there was a well, a very deep one, but there was no string or chain to pull out the water. The well was very deep, built up with rocks, all the way down. I had a string for a belt on my pants, so when the farmers arrived I asked them for a bottle.

They asked "Where are you going to get water?"

"Give me your bottle" I replied.

I got a bottle from this one, and a bottle from that one, and started making trips, with bottles tied to my sides. I crawled down these rocks to the bottom, and the water down there was a cold as from today's fridgidaires, COLD and fresh. I brought it up, and they loved it! They ate there, a piece of bread, a piece of pork, a bit of onion. They

would give me bits of this to eat, and I was simply overjoyed, and satisfied.

Elie had brought me a pot that had a hole on one side (laughs). "No problem!"

I took a bit of cloth to bind the hole, set it on its side a bit, put it on the fire filled with fresh water a little potatoes, and made a soup that Elie was so happy with!

Later there were beans, and this pot was **our golden pot**! We needed spoons. So he brought spoons from somewhere. I always kept this spoon with me.

If others were cooking something, I could take out my spoon and ask for a taste. Elie also had his spoon, and this is how we lived.

My foot however got really swollen, and I could see that I must do something. On one side of the forest there was a small stream. The were many herbs growing.

I remembered that the town barber always had a big jar filled with these herbs. I had asked what the purpose of these herbs was, and had been told that they were to absorb blood in use with sick people.

I sat down next to this steam on a nice day and put my foot up on a rock. I had others help me to pack the foot up on all sides with these herbs. This is how I healed myself.

Later I learned how to sharpen saws, and became familiar with the locals, and worked there through the spring.

One day about a half-dozen Russians arrived, partisans. The Germans were more afraid of these partisans than the front itself. They would ambush trucks, kill the Germans, and steal their arms. They

would don the uniforms of the officers to hoodwink others. They were very feared.

One of these fellows spoke to me in Russian. I had picked up a bit of Russian, and told him about the lager, the camp in Bershat, and so on. He asked "Do you speak Yiddish as well?"

"Yes I do."

"Listen here", he says "I'd like to send this with you to my wife in Bershat. If you betray me, I'll cut out you tongue with this knife." He gave me a letter with an address I learned off by heart. I took some branches to sell in town. By this time I had papers to go back and forth to the forest.

I came in to town to inquire about this woman. I found her and gave her the letter. In return she gave me a pair of pants, and a coat, perhaps a shirt too as I remember, and gave me a letter to return.

He was very happy to receive a reply from his wife. I'm not sure, maybe he had children there too. He had been made a partisan by the Russians. He watched troop movements, counted armies, bombed trains. These partisans did tremendous work there. After a few times I didn't see him again.

I MADE A LIVING

When fall came I returned to town. When they saw me they called me "Tarzan". I had a long beard and looked completely different. I now had to find another way to earn a living. I figured that a good way to get by was to learn how to be a barber. I went to the local barber to see if I could by a razor.

I had no money, but agreed to a kind of a mortgage (laughs); to pay a little weekly from my earnings. I got razor, and a belt to sharpen it, and something to stop bleeding if there was a cut.

I took Elie aside and told him "If I am going to be a barber, I need to learn how." Poor Elie got lathered up, and by the time I was finished with him, his face was sliced up.

"You'll see" I told him, "You'll eat bread yet!"

A day later I asked him to sit down for another session. "Not today, please wait a day or two." I cut him up again!

I went out into the country, and saw a farmer sitting on a log. "*Parik-macher*? Barber?" he asked.

"Yes. Parik-macher." He led me into a dim little house, a sits down. He had a small mirror. Soon blood started to run from either side. In this dim light I could see that it wasn't working too well, and he could too, in his mirror.

"The light is no good" I said. We went out out into the sunlight. I was lucky to have this thing to stop bleeding, and that he was a very patient person. I shaved him, and washed him up, stopped the bleeding. He gave me half a bread, some onions, some pork. In went up to town to give some to Elie, and to the person I had loaned the razor from.

Little by little I became a barber. I made a living, and we able to eat. This was in Bershat.

A STORY THAT COULD NEVER BE

I have lived through so much. What we went through in Russia; the first year, the second year, the third year. We survived terror, and it is honestly a miracle that I am still here, alive, to tell all these things that took place.

What you see on "Schindler's List" is only a portion: but this is not to be told.

People, a normal person, if you tell them this, they would tell you that this is a story that could never be. There was nothing good, only bad...bad, bad. Our enemies, Emach Shmo, may the Lord erase there names, were awful bandits who murdered our *Folk,*our people. Even today there are enough enemies who hate Jews all over the world. Look at what is going on in Europe, in Russia, all over the world. There aren't any Jews left there and they still hate us.

I am not a young man anymore. I am a *Gibor*, a strong man, over eighty years already, and G-d should help us all to be healthy; and that I should live many more years. As long as I stay alive, I will do my best to tell you the story.

The years pass quickly, and I tell myself that as long as I am healthy enough to remember all this; thank G-d, I wrote the Yiskor book, and remembered all the names of the people in our *Stetl,* little village, as if they were my own family. I wrote them all , and sent all the names in to Yad Vashem in Jerusalem.

Be well, children, and thank you for everything and G-d bless you.

EPILOGUE

Osias and Ruthie later ended up in the lager called Moghilev. I arrived in Moghilev in September 1943, where I re-joined Osias and Ruthie, and Harry Held (son of my sister Dora who died of Typhus in Moghilev).

Other lagers I was taken to were Jmerinka, Tulcin, Jabokritz, and the Piciodora death camp. We passed through many places: Marculessti, Jampol, Krijopol, Jaboknita, Obodowkra, Chertfinovka, and many others, too many to remember.

Netty's family at that time were still in her birth-place Radautz, in the south of Bucovina. Radauti was 60 kilometers from Czernovits, the capital of Bucovina, and 44 kilometers from Ciudin. Her family was deported on October 12 , 1941. They arrived in Transnistria to a place called Jabocritz one month later. They were hidden until 1944 when they were liberated by the Russian army.

Moghilev was also liberated by the Russians in April of 1944.

How we survived was through hard labour and miracles.

We met in Radautz in August 1946, and were married there on May 8, 1947. We lived in Bucarest, Roumania until April 12, 1950.

We came to Israel in April 1950, and stayed there until May 1951. We travelled to Paris, France, and stayed there until August 1951. We came to Canada on August 17, 1951 and have been in Montreal since then. With G-ds help we will be there for many more years.

The massacre in Ciudin occurred on July 5, 1941. The names of our family killed that day were:

Faivel Moses : my father ז"ל

Bertha Raucer (nee Moses) : my sister, and her husband **Shie Raucher** and daughter Koine (5 years old)

Herman Moses : my brother , his wife **Betty Moses** (nee Gross) and their son **Marcel Moses** (6 years)

Gusta Moses : My sister (18 years old)

Blima Raucher: my mother's sister, her husband Aaron Raucher, daughter **Clara Feingold** and 2 children

Mariase: my mother's sister, her husband **Aaron** and three children

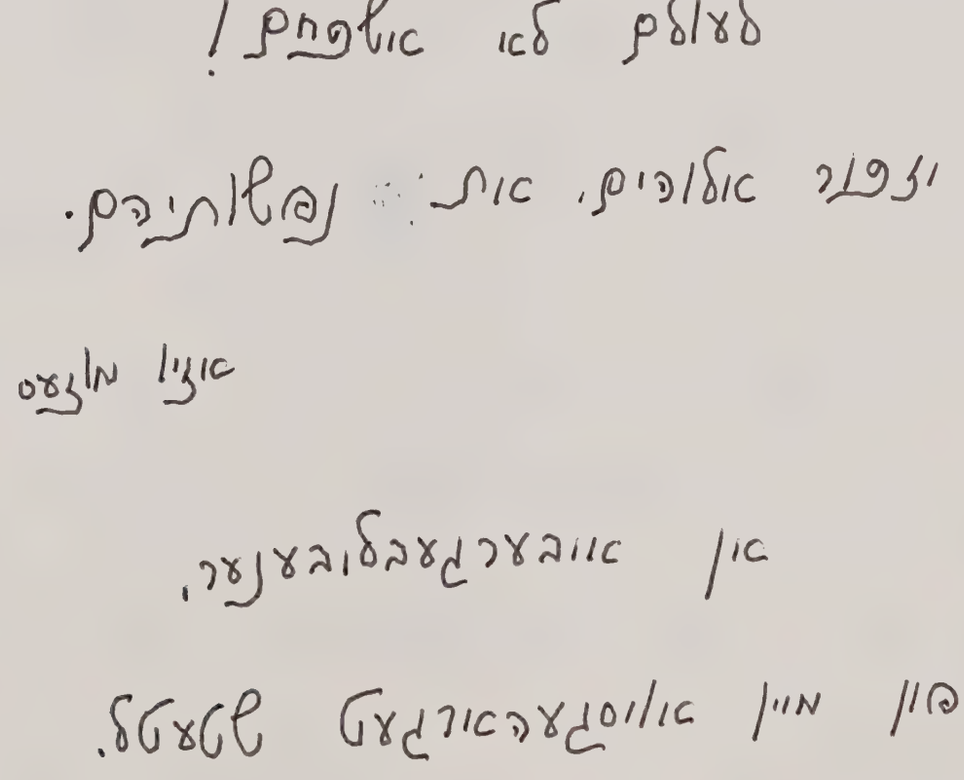
Mindel and David Rudich : my mother's brothers and children **Jacob Ester, Feige**

Jacob Rudich: my mother's brother and his son **Sigmund,** his wife and children.

Pepi Moses: my brother Osias' wife.

The bodies were buried in 5 mass graves in Ciudin.
The perpetrators of the murders were the Roumanian army squads and civilians.

I read through their names as if I were walking now among their graves in a cemetery. Here they lie! Our mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers and their children, grandfathers and grandmothers, men and women, boys and girls, shot to death, burned, burned, slaughtered, smothered, buried alive. Through your images I relive your fates. I will never forget you.



A Monument to our Shtetl

Beloved and dear martyrs of Ciudin!

With this Yizkor-book I erect a gravemarker and bring you a proper Jewish burial. Your names will be recorded in Yad Vashem in Jerusalem.

Beloved and dear martyrs!
Your names are recorded in our hearts and memories - we will never forget you - until the end of our days.

With a painful heart and eternal sorrow, you will forever remain in my thoughts.

THIS IS A TESTIMONIAL
FROM GENERATION
TO GENERATION